Hubert Humphrey: winning the race by running in place?

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– Jeff, age 12

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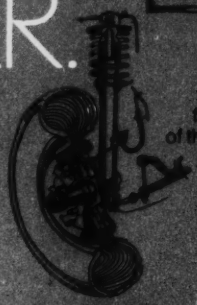
MOTOR TREND MAGAZINE:
"The winner of the 1976 Motor Trend Import Car of the Year Award is the Toyota Celica. Not just a Celica, or even the new Liftback," but the complete three-car line." Here's just part of what Motor Trend said about the Celica line.



Execution: "The Celica has been a significant force on the U.S. automotive scene for several years...so although this award is for the 1976 Celica line, it is also recognition of the quality of all those that have gone before."

Engineering: "With only 56% of the total weight on the front wheels, larger wheels, steel belted radial tires and firmer suspension, handling is excellent with no sacrifice in riding comfort."

Performance: "...good performance without sacrificing fuel economy..." NOTE: 1976 EPA tests with 5-speed overdrive transmission: 36 mpg on the highway, 20 city. These EPA results are estimates. The actual mileage you get will vary, depending upon your driving habits and your car's condition and equipment.

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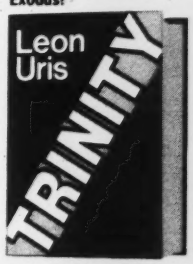

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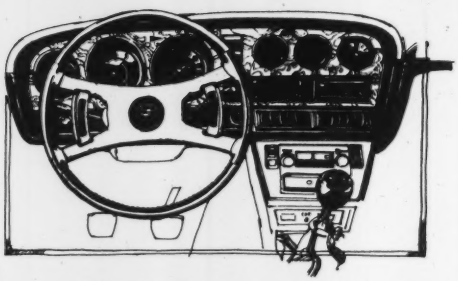

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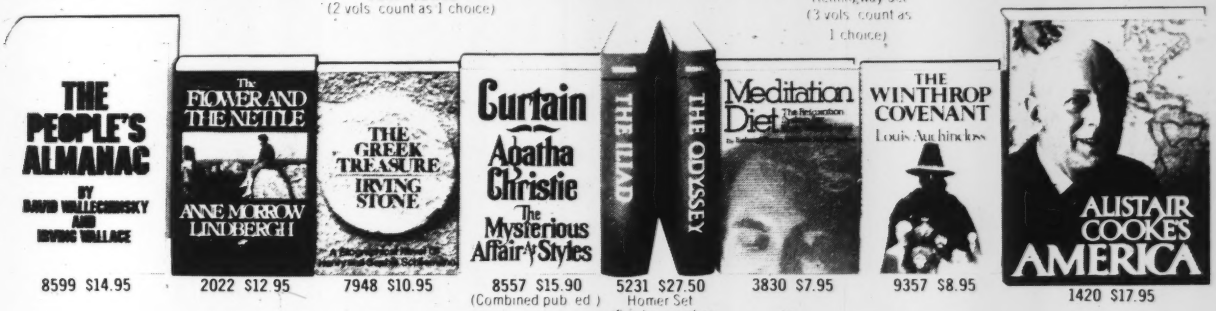

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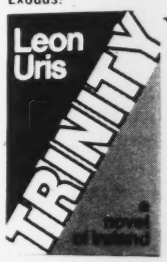

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By Robert Sam Anson

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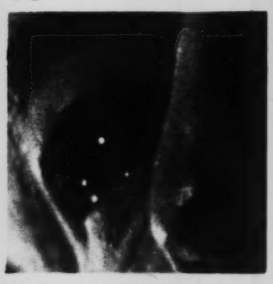

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COVER
PHOTOGRAPH BY THOMAS M. ACKERSON

Commune children

It's a decade now since the flower children fled the suburban world of their parents to form their own communities, and the rebels have become parents themselves. But what of their offspring—a generation brought up outside the bounds of the nuclear family, without the success goals and material comforts rejected by their parents? David Black, who once lived on a commune, explores the lives of these children of the "New Age," and searches for clues to their futures.

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Page 34

The Farm

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By Suzanne Charlé
Photos by Rick Smolen

Page 49

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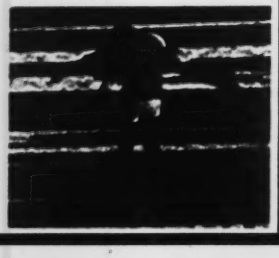
Page 52



Letters Page 4

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Page 6

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Page 13

The Insider Page 16

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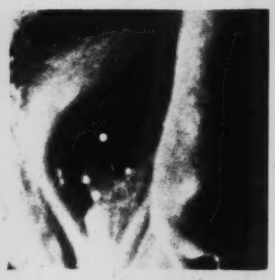

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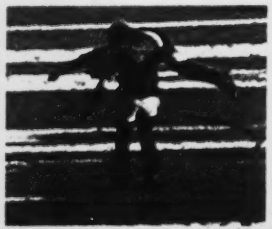

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Letters

Still vibrating

I'm still in a semi-coma from reading Neal Gabler's article on the Beach Boys ("The Beach Boys: riding a new wave," April 2). Fantastic! His article was, as Mike Love would put it, "fantasmagorical" in every way, including the artwork and photos. I have been known to flash my collection of Beach Boys concert ticket stubs around like a proud grandpa does with pictures of his offspring. Now I will add *New Times'* article.

John Rokicki
Toledo, Ohio

Thank you for your recent article on the Beach Boys. Glad to see that Good Vibrations are back. Let's hope they stay *another* fifteen years.

Sue Thomann
North Merrick, New York

I wish to thank you and congratulate you for your article on the Beach Boys. It is especially nice to see an article which looks at the group as individual members and personalities, rather than simply as a performing act.

David Hirsch
New York City

Personal politics

Bravo! Robert Sam Anson finally spells out what Jimmy Carter is all about ("Party Lines," April 2). The real reason everyone is so scared of him is that there is an excellent chance he really *is* an honest man. Jimmy is America's Dream come true, the Common Man of the Bicentennial. What he isn't is a plastic, crooked politician trying to make a power play.

Cherie D' Amico
Oswego, New York

Why are you so down on Jimmy Carter? If spending seventy-nine cents on breakfast (instead of seven dollars) is an example of how he will spend federal taxes, then he has my vote. What is wrong with a man who keeps on "smiling" and "shaking hands"? Personally, if I'm going to continue to get robbed by the government, I'd rather have the man smile and shake my hand than ignore me and talk in circles.

Kathryn D. Harvey
Ocean, New Jersey

Anson implies that Jimmy Carter is disliked because of some sort of parochialism on the part of New Yorkers. My dislike of Carter does not come from that.

Before hearing him speak at Washington University recently, I was leaning toward Jimmy Carter. But his speech frightened me tremendously. It said virtually nothing: one plug for ecology and lots of God, motherhood and apple pie. Then he refused to be pinned down on any issue during questioning. Yes, Carter's an excellent politician. So was Richard Nixon. After all of the work and energy of the late sixties and early seventies, after Vietnam and Watergate, is this dangerous man where America is headed?

Daniel Hupert
St. Louis, Missouri

I must admit that when *New Times* chooses to distort, it does a repulsively good job of it. That slanted photograph of Carter perfectly fits the image I have of Anson with his white wine and cheese among the intellectual crowd. However, Anson's attempted defamation of Carter was destroyed because the entire article was so openly biased. If Carter does win, I hope Anson chokes on black-eyed peas while some true genius with a Southern drawl pins a "Carter for President" button firmly in Anson's inflated intellectual ego.

C. Keith Rowell
Macon, Georgia

Not selling out

I read with much interest Michael Parfit's article "Showdown at Kaiparowits" (April 2) since I live in Southern Utah. Like many others in this part of the state, I am adamantly opposed to the construction of yet another air-fouling power plant. One thing puzzles me: if some Southern Utah residents are so bored with small-town life, why don't they move to Salt Lake City, for example? There they can find plenty of other "pioneer" types enjoying the traffic jams, the crime waves, the smelter smog and the other forms of "action" that they are so eager to import into Southern Utah.

Our politicans may want to sell us out, but they're in for some surprises. That Kaiparowits power plant will never—repeat never—come to be.

Edward Abbey
Moab, Utah

New Times has slipped down into the *Modern Screen Romances* genre with your article on Robert Redford's opposition to the Kaiparowits power plant. Focusing on Redford is an insult to the other articulate opponents of the Kaiparowits monstrosity. I, for one, do not consider a ski resort owner to be my wilderness guru.

Rex Nutting
Salt Lake City, Utah

Ad nauseam

I'm sure the government will not waste away ("The Insider," April 2). It can always conduct a survey on "The Effects of Research on the Effects of Research."

Melanie Burger
Buffalo, New York

Is rigid frigid?

I was truly miffed by Tony Schwartz' comparison in "The Insider" of computer dating to water beds—"sounded better than it felt." My wife and I have slept in a properly set up (key phrase) water bed for almost seven years and our five-year-old son has slept in his own water bed for almost four years. There is no way to communicate the superiority of the water bed to the old dead bed. Those who own one (properly set up, that is, with a flotation system and thermostatically controlled heater) swear by it. Rigid beds for rigid backs.

Don Barshay
Conshohocken, Pennsylvania

Cuyahoga cruisin'

Mark Goodman's "Final Tribute" (April 2) really brought to mind some good memories. Although I did not attend Cuyahoga Falls High, I lived only a few miles away in Stow and did "hang out" at Cuyahoga and Akron. "Cruisin' around" was not only great in the infamous "rag-tops," but also in the hot rods of that period. It's uplifting to remember the wild and magical days of youth.

Marti Hilliard
Medina, Ohio

Carlin's copyright

Editor's Note: we inadvertently left out the proper credit for the George Carlin excerpt in the article on Bill Veeck (April 16). The lines from "Baseball-Football" were reprinted by permission of the copyright owner, Dead Sea Music, Inc. (BMI).

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And the chances are you don't want to give up any of that.

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FILTER, MENTHOL: 11 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report SEPT. '75.

The Ruling Class

Robert Scheer/Watching Ford's watchdog

In a recent column, I criticized President Ford's appointment of one Leo Cherne to his newly created three-member board to oversee the intelligence agencies. The board was formed in response to congressional and public criticism of FBI and CIA abuses, and it hardly seemed that Cherne, who has a long history of working cozily with various CIA agents like General Lansdale in Vietnam, would be the best choice for an ombudsman between the public and the agency. After my column appeared, I was contacted by Mike Casey and D. Stevens, who claimed to be onto a story which tends to confirm my pessimism about the Cherne appointment. They informed me that they had taken the same story to a San Diego reporter, whose experience with Cherne in following up this lead raises the serious question of whether Cherne, and by association the Ford Administration, has used the FBI in an attempt to prevent publication of a news story that would embarrass him.

The story begins in September of 1975, when Bob Dietrich, a reporter for the *San Diego Evening Tribune,* was contacted by a source with a "hot" document. Dietrich himself is a rather sober, conservative type who spent twenty years in the Navy doing public relations and intelligence work prior to his current job with the San Diego newspaper. For a time Dietrich was the military editor of the paper, but has more recently become an investigative reporter and, as such, has broken a number of major stories. His first source on this story, Mike Casey, has a much more checkered career, which includes a jail term for check-cashing with insufficient funds and subsequent work as an administrator at Boys Town. His most celebrated escapade involved a wild goose chase to find Patty Hearst in Hong Kong that cost the *Los Angeles Times* $15,000 in expenses.

In any event, somewhere along the line Casey claimed he acquired a green government-issued notebook that contained columns of neatly written but very cryptic references to international politicians such as Kissinger and to other individuals identified as "agents," as well as to the CIA and its top officials. Whoever owned the notebook seemed to be acting as some sort of superspook, making economic and intelligence deals on his own authority. There is even a reference to someone telling CIA Director Colby to "shut up."

Dietrich's intelligence background allowed him to decipher some of the items in this document, and several points began to intrigue him. As an example, the names Welch and Rees appeared in the book. Months after he first noticed the names in the notes, Dietrich read in the papers of the assassination of a CIA agent—Richard Welch, in Greece—and the suicide of a KGB agent turned FBI informer—Norman Rees, in Connecticut. Another intriguing aspect of the documents were the constant references to an L.C. It was clear from these notes that L.C. was traveling with an aide, H.L.O., who was keeping these notes on their journey. But who was L.C.? Casey attempted to answer that by tracking down the more easily identifiable names in the notes. He teamed up with D. Stevens, a southern California photojournalist who has worked for *Newsweek* and *Paris-Match.* The important break for the duo turned out to be Terry Robards, a reporter with the *New York Times.* I called Robards and he confirmed Casey's account of their phone conversation. Robards said that Casey read him a list of names and meetings in Western Europe in which his own name figured. He said that after hearing the list he was certain that L.C. was Leo Cherne because during the time in question an aide to Cherne had called him in London, where he was working for the *Financial Times,* and asked him to use his economic contacts to help in setting up these very meetings. Robards was sure that only Cherne or his associates would have that information. This identification of L.C. heightened Dietrich's interest, for Cherne was soon appointed to the President's new advisory board.

Dietrich, in accordance with his own perception of good citizenship, had kept the FBI informed all along of any information he came across that he thought pertained to national security. He encouraged Casey (who had returned the original notebook to Cherne) to also hand over a copy to federal authorities in New York. Eventually, Dietrich began to wonder why nothing came of these revelations to officials, and whether there was some sort of cover-up afoot. After Cherne's appointment, he decided to call him directly and question his connection with the document. Dietrich told me that he had five separate phone conversations with Cherne during which the latter frequently lapsed into obscenity and became abusive. He said Cherne "did concede that a notebook was lost—he reported it to the appropriate authorities—and that it was returned at the time that Casey claims to have sent it." He also confirmed that an associate of his lost the notebook. Dietrich also told *New Times* San Diego correspondent Bill Ritter that Cherne had said "he would destroy me professionally." It was after one such conversation with Cherne that Dietrich was visited by FBI agents who "came to see me at the request of Cherne—they freely admitted that this was the reason they visited me."

Dietrich appears to be a deeply conservative and decent fellow who believes in his country, his newspaper and the FBI. As such, he is reluctant to make too much of Cherne's efforts at harassment for fear it would detract from the credibility of his story. Cherne seems more concerned with helping the intelligence agencies than with hurting them. His grievances are those of a career enlisted man disappointed by the shenanigans of more flighty higher-ups: "Cherne compromised some security information to me over the public telephone." Dietrich is annoyed that the FBI did not look into the case; as a result "all we know is that cover has been blown and there are some deaths of agents that may be related to the document."

Something happened inside the *San Diego Evening Tribune* to delay publication of the story for several weeks. It finally appeared on April 14, as we were going to press, and after we had told the *Evening Tribune* we would break the story in this column.

If Dietrich's account of his contacts with Cherne is true, it seems to me that this is a more important story than the contents of the original document. Leo Cherne has no right to use the FBI as his own personal police force, and a congressional investigation should be launched to determine if this did in fact happen. After all, Cherne's current job was defined by Ford as that of being a watchdog against just such abuses as sending the FBI to harass reporters. If Cherne did it to cover his own tracks, then it is that much more ominous. ●

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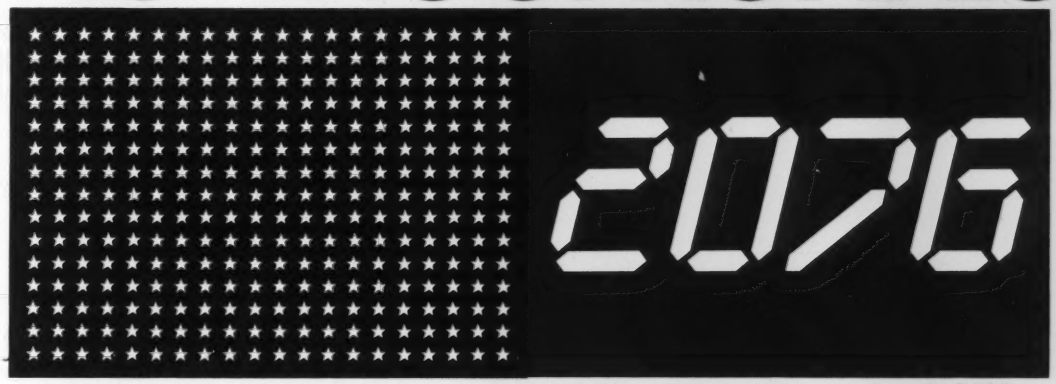

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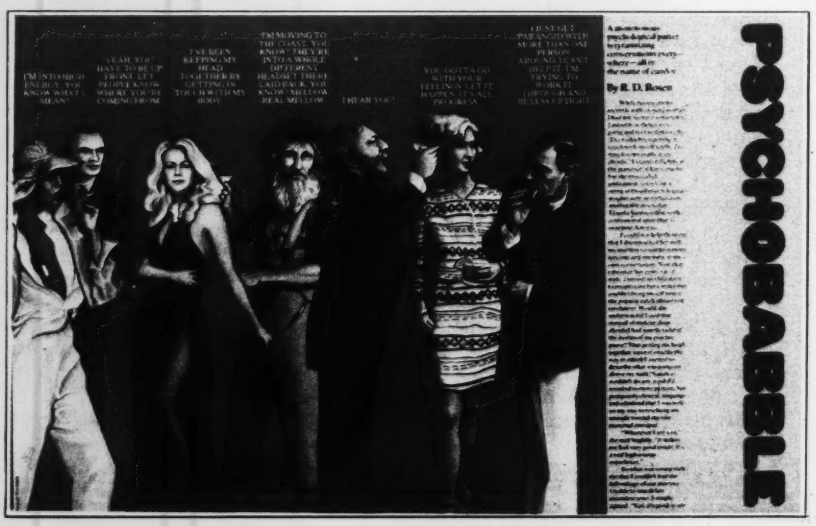

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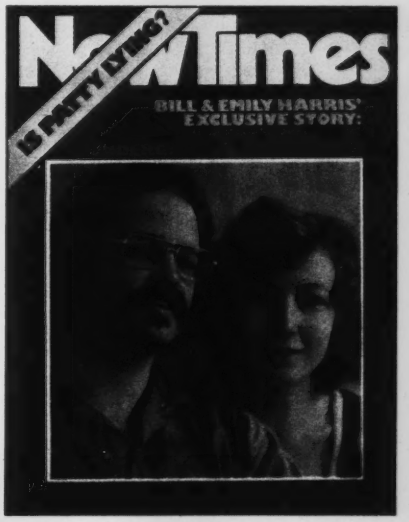

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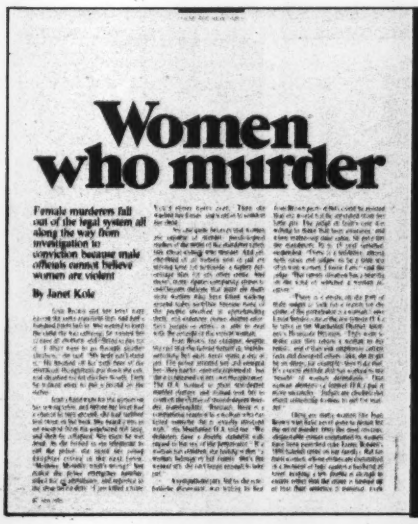
Women who murder

Female murderers fall out of the legal system all along the way from investigation to conviction because male officials cannot believe women are violent

By Janet Kole

NewTimes
The Feature News Magazine

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Fulminations

Larry L. King / What a wonderful town

This winter, whipped by icy winds and the general confusions of urban life, I got it in my craw to desert Manhattan for more salubrious climes. As far as I was concerned, you could take New York—city, state or borough—and stick it.

I had valid reasons for such churlishness. The state was on my back for overdue income taxes, interest faithfully compounded; I could not buy cigarettes or booze or other of life's necessities without paying the sort of tribute my ancestors had refused King George. Governor Hugh Carey and Mayor Abe Beame, increasingly slashing services, warned that my belt must be pulled tighter and my pocketbook grow flatter still. My landlord informed that upon the expiration of my lease he would see fit to raise my rent from $550 to $590.75 per month on a one-year renewal, or to $610.50 should I opt for the generous two-year contract. He mentioned no improvement in elevator service, the erratic heating system or resident canine control. Windows, formerly washed at $1.50 each, now would be scrubbed down for $2; I rent ten windows. My favorite restaurants seemed to post higher prices between the soup and the salad and Con Ed's computers somehow billed me for electricity to brighten Yankee Stadium. Three Yankee-based ladies of my affection (a) discovered a rival with a giant expense account and waterfront property in sunny Fort Lauderdale, (b) moved in on short notice with one of my old drinking pals and (c) became addicted to periodic excursions into Puerto Rico under the guise of working there for Good Government. Sure. Uh-huh. Viva *all* them people!

To all and sundry I announced my intent to return to the soil, to native haunts, to boyhood precincts. To Texas. There no state income tax was tolerated, there bacon cost less than $4.14 the pound, there rents might be had at lesser pain than a leg, there dogs lived out-of-doors as God had intended, there Eve's descendants remained barefoot, simple, loyal, loving, and traveled only to 7-Eleven stores to fetch my beer. I set out for Austin to look for housing with visions of sugar plums dancing. Austin had green trees, blue rivers, lovely hills, America's best music scene, old pals; its arms opened wide to receive the wayward prodigal.

One week later, it dawned that as an expatriate accustomed to the Eastern Seaboard for more than half my earthly time, I had grown smaller appreciations for green trees, blue rivers, lovely hills. Never mind that one could reach any restaurant from any point in Austin within seven minutes: when one arrived one had a choice of chicken, beef or cheese tacos. One could not sleep for the maddening quiet, missed the lulling beddy-bye roar of Second Avenue traffic. Missed popping into P.J. Clarke's in the middle of the night to share young Scotches with Dan Jenkins, missed the inventive bold approaches of Lexington Avenue hookers, missed the crowded preenings of sensitive neurotics populating the literary watering hole that is Elaine's, missed

PHOTOGRAPH BY STEVE PHILLIPS

that brash misinformation volunteered by New York cabbies, missed the street moochers and derelicts and pop-eyed corner prophets howling their exotic agonies toward a smog-blanked moon, missed the passionate calls from Jimmy Breslin and Roger Wilkins offering conflicting advice as to what my old pal Mo Udall should say on his next visit to Harlem, missed the roarings and boastings of this rock island the Dutch originally claimed from the Indians for trinkets worth about $24, missed those obligatory tensions and menaces indigenous to its streets, missed the smack and flavor of ethnic neighborhoods, missed even hop-scotching over and around disgusting piles of dog-do. Whatever else may be said about Gotham, it keeps one alert. Austin's streets are too clean. It's a wonderful place to visit, you understand, but I wouldn't want to live there. Not yet. Let 'em get a bigger airport and keep their bars open all night.

This crazy, convoluted place called New York smote me when I first arrived here at age 17, a marginal warrior for Uncle Sam; it took about 30 minutes for a Texas farm boy to invest it with all the romance and glamour it's possible for the human imagination to concoct. For reasons remaining foggy, I was favorably predisposed toward New York long before I saw it. In the chicken-tracked dirt yard of home, I constructed my version of "New York" from sticks of stove wood, random rocks, tin cans, scrap lumber, whatever. Periodically, senior members of the family ranted against the unsightly debris and stepped four-square on the Empire State building or in one swoop wiped out half of Brooklyn.

Books and movies are to blame, of course: I kept expecting, back in 1946, to run into Nick Charles and Nora at some smart supper club where The Thin Man would gain no weight, no matter his intake of sophisticated calories; I anticipated becoming fast friends with Fiorello La Guardia, and figured eventually to crony with Joe DiMaggio or to be discovered by a producer—while eating dill pickles at the Stage Delicatessen—who would force me to star in a Broadway play. None of that quite happened; the sense that it *might*, however, was always there. To this day, no other city fills me with such an improbable sense of adventure and excitement—taxes, dog shit and all—and rarely do I visit Gotham's streets without being half certain of becoming the willing kidnap victim of indescribably lovely ladies who, in time, will cancel their ransom demands so long as I agree—like Patty Hearst—to do their every bidding. At the end of my distinguished military career as a bit actor in Army training films (shot at the old Paramount studio in Long Island City, Queens), I returned to Texas and spent the next decade working my way back. Once you've been in the Big Leagues, even for a cup of coffee, you become reluctant to return to the Three-Eye League. Lay them taxes on me, Hugh and Abe. I may sound to New York cabbies as if I just rode in on a load of turkeys, but my urbanization is complete. I'm home and I'm staying. ●

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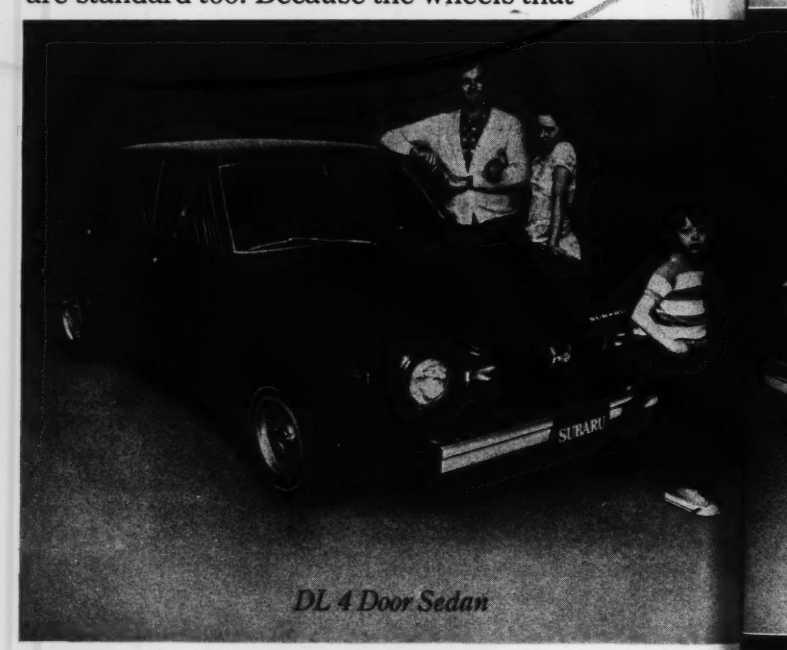

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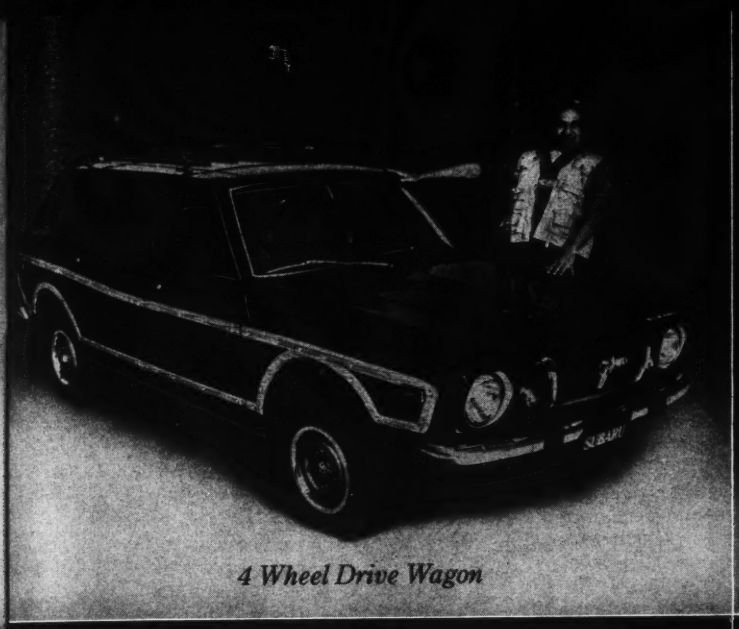

4 Wheel Drive Wagon

2 Door Sedan

DL 2 Door Sedan

DL Sport Coupe

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The Insider

EDITED BY TONY SCHWARTZ

The White House message to Nixon / Fasting without hunger

Politics

Once is enough

Although a poll taken after the New Hampshire primary revealed that Gerald Ford's showing was not affected by Richard Nixon's ill-timed visit to China, the President's aides are

ROBERT V. ECKERT JR./JEROBOAM INC.

Nixon: can he rise from the sea?

taking no chances. They have sent out word through people close to Nixon that any other pre-election trips would be ill-advised. Explains a senior White House aide: "The thought is always on our minds. The danger—like the Shah of Iran's open invitation to Nixon—is always there." Nixon himself has not responded, but the White House official is certain word went through: "The only guy Nixon can hurt is Ford. I know their guidance to him is to cool it until after November."

The silenced majority

"Many non-voters who are called apathetic really just think unacceptable alternatives are being offered to them. The lesser of two evils is still evil," argues Sy Leon, the fifty-three-year-old libertarian who heads the California-based League of Non-Voters. Thus Leon and his group have asked that all ballots be amended to include the option "None of the above is acceptable."

"It's a positive way to express a negative sentiment," says the former small college president. "As long as people think candidates are not acceptable, they should be allowed to express that." Leon believes his point is especially relevant in the upcoming election, when for the first time a minority of eligible voters are expected to cast ballots.

Leon admits that his group doesn't have the resources to lobby legislatures effectively, and his interim solution—the call for a massive voter boycott—seems rather lamely self-defeating. Nonetheless, it is hard to discount Leon's claim that even among winning candidates, popular support is a myth. As evidence, Leon points to the early presidential primaries, in which Carter won New Hampshire with less than 5 percent of the eligible vote, Jackson won Massachusetts with 4 percent and Reagan won in North Carolina with only 2.7 percent.

The smoking gun

The fund-raising success of anti-abortion presidential candidate Ellen McCormack is not the only evidence that emotional one-issue campaigns have powerful political potential. *The Political Animal*, a California newsletter, has revealed that a California legislator is successfully raising money on behalf of another volatile issue: gun control. Aided by Richard Viguerie, the conservative direct-mail expert, State Senator H.L. (Bill) Richardson has raised $750,000 in less than six months for his Gun Owners of America (GOA). Richardson's ultra-conservative views won him only 36 percent of the vote in his unsuccessful 1974 race for the U.S. Senate against Alan Cranston (D-Calif.). With the pro-gun issue, however, Richardson has found an alternative means to exercise political clout. He intends to use the money, most of which came in response to an 800,000-piece mailing, on behalf of pro-gun challengers for various state and federal offices. The constituency he's tapped is not easily dismissed: there are an estimated 45 million gun owners in the U.S.

I'm Gerald Ford and you're not

But for his ill-fated attempt to eat a fully wrapped tamale, and a dairy farm incident in which a cow defecated unceremoniously on his pants, our President seems to have been avoiding serious accidents for the past few months.

One explanation is that the press simply doesn't play up Ford's gaffes as much as they once did. As one reporter puts it, "We all like a winner and with Ford doing well in the primaries, we just go easy on him." Even more important, Ford's aides are more vigilant than ever about heading off potential mishaps. Take the case of the President's recent trip to Milwaukee. A serious debate arose among aides over whether Ford should

ILLUSTRATION BY BILL NELSON

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be served beer in the traditional boot-shaped half-liter glasses. Apparently, if the toe of the glass boot is not pointed in just the right direction, beer tends to slosh out—an image aides felt the President could do without. Happily, according to our White House source, Ford was well enough briefed to sip without incident.

The Ky to success

It pays to be a loser these days. How else to explain the lucrative lecture tours and book contracts of so many members of the Watergate gang?

The latest person to turn a profit discoursing on his failures is General Nguyen Cao Ky, the flamboyant former South Vietnamese premier. Most of Ky's fellow citizens play down their pasts. For example, former classmate Nguyen Ngoc Loan, the pistol-happy general of the National Police memorably photographed blowing out the brains of a suspected Viet Cong during the 1968 Tet offensive, recently opened a restaurant in Virginia—Les Trois Continent—and now refuses all interviews.

Not Ky. To date, he has made more than $20,000 lecturing—to people in towns such as Cedar Falls, Iowa, Gainesville, Florida, and Ithaca, New York—on why South Vietnam fell to the communists and how if only. . . .

Ky also received a sizable advance for his upcoming book, *Twenty Years and Twenty Days*. Such funds, combined with the $40,000 he allegedly brought out of Vietnam, now cover the costs of his rented $100,000 home in suburban Virginia. He also

WIDE WORLD

Ky: last guys finish nice

owns a 24-inch color television set and three cars—a new Cadillac, a new Pacer and a Volkswagen. Ky has even begun talking about plans for a second book. He intends to call it *The Americanization of Nguyen Cao Ky*.

Pickin' cotton

Although the Supreme Court has struck down the more stringent aspects of the campaign finance law, resourcefulness is still required to raise funds for a presidential campaign. Consider the approach of Jimmy Carter fund-raisers Bob Smith and Bob Meyer. They recently sent out trucks to Southern farmers likely to be sympathetic to the former Georgia governor's campaign. The donation they're seeking is cotton, and their target figure is 140 bales. At current prices, that would be worth about $35,000.

Quote of the week

Ben Fisher, a special assistant to the president of the United Steelworkers of America (AFL-CIO), commenting recently on alleged discrimination against blacks in the steel industry:

"It is just not accurate to believe that blacks were confined somehow to the lowest paying jobs; rather, there was some tendency for blacks to be congregated in certain units which had a variety of characteristics, including, in some instances, a somewhat lower average pay than some units where there might be a heavy concentration of white employees."

Say that again, Ben.

Deliver the letter now and forever

Ordinary folks aren't the only victims of the U.S. Postal Service's difficulty in delivering mail promptly. An undelivered letter was recently returned to Senator Mark Hatfield (R-Ore.) with the stamp "Found In Supposedly Empty Equipment—Mail Bag Repair Center and Depository." The letter had been sent to a constituent three years earlier. In this case, however, there was a silver lining: the message in the note remained timely. It began: "Postal Service: More Oregon residents complain about this than any other government service."

A dressing down

In case you think dress and grooming codes are a forgotten vestige of high school in the sixties, consider the rules that apply in the office of Senator Robert Byrd (D-W. Va.). Explains press secretary John Guiniven:

"Coats and ties must be worn by men—no turtlenecks or madras jackets either—and they must get haircuts. There are absolutely no miniskirts to be worn in this office, no low-cut dresses and absolutely no pantsuits are allowed in the reception room." Why so strict? "We're not a neighborhood bar," says Guiniven. "We want people to look like they will take the problems of West Virginians seriously."

DENNIS BRACK/BLACK STAR

Byrd: the way we were

Did he say *look?*

Mind & Body

Optical illusions

Eye doctors are getting more to do less. A survey of 1,300 of the nation's 8,400 ophthalmologists discloses that after expenses, one-quarter of them clear $80,000 a year and one-half make more than $60,000. By contrast, physicians in all other specialties earn an average of $54,000. Moreover, the average ophthalmologist works ten hours a week less than the average physician.

The result is not necessarily better service. A second study, conducted by San Francisco Consumer Action among 105 local opticians, optometrists and ophthalmologists, found evidence of overcharging, lack of precision and large price spreads for identical goods and services. It also found price differences ranging from $20 to $66 for the same pair of glasses, $12 to $40 for a basic eye examination and $120 to $337 for the same pair of contact lenses (including examination).

In another experiment, eleven prescriptions were solicited from eight optometrists and three ophthalmologists. All gave slightly different prescriptions, and when they were made up, none matched the prescription from which it was made. Finally, each of the eleven pairs of glasses were tested by two local

Polarized Mirrors

Foster Grant announces the first polarized mirrored sunglasses ever. Polarized to protect your eyes from reflected glare. And mirrored to give you the ultimate look in fashion plus protection from harmful infrared rays.

Now, with Foster Grant's new Polarized Mirrors, you can have all the style you want plus all the protection you'll ever need.

For the coolest look in sunglasses today, get behind a pair of Foster Grant Polarized Mirrors. Available in gold mirrors with metal, plastic or rimless frames. Only $7 and $8.95.

New from Foster Grant

optical laboratories. Both reported that only one pair of glasses met established legal standards of precision. But, then, why trust the laboratories? Even they couldn't agree on *which* pair met the standards.

The diet that drives you to drink

Its adherents call it the most effective diet since fasting and a lot easier. Fashioned by a forty-two-year-old osteopath, Dr. Robert Linn, the diet produces rapid, dramatic weight loss without hunger pangs or loss of energy. Rather than eating solid food, dieters drink two quarts of water or non-caloric drinks each day, as well as 4 to 7 ounces of a bittersweet liquid amino acid mixture called Prolinn. In addition, they take prescribed vitamins and mineral supplements. A number of physicians contacted by *New Times*, including Dr. George Blackburn of Harvard Medical School and Dr. George F. Cahill of Joslin Diabetes Foundation in Boston, said the diet posed no health dangers under medical supervision.

The differences between Linn's protein-sparing fast and not eating at all is that almost half the weight loss during a starvation diet comes from lean tissue. When eating is resumed, the body's drive to restore this tissue is so strong that often much of the lost weight is regained. With Linn's fast, the body gets its essential amino acids and thus doesn't burn its own muscle.

"The fact that no food is eaten on this program seems rather drastic at first," says Linn, "but most of my patients find it much easier to drink Prolinn five times a day and completely forget about food than to fool around with eating small amounts and counting calories."

Beside the fact that the diet causes a temporary case of bad breath, the only catch is its elaborateness. Linn asks that patients see him every day for the first two weeks of the program and twice a week thereafter. However, most of the 900 patients who have undertaken the program so far aren't complaining—average monthly weight losses, according to Linn, range between 20 and 25 pounds.

The Word

Best bits

So you think Fred Astaire is over the hill? MGM apparently doesn't. In order to convince the reluctant star to appear at a Cannes preview of the sequel *That's Entertainment II*, the company

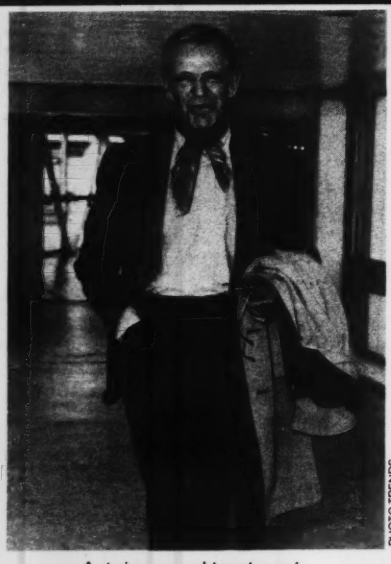


PHOTO TRENDS

Astaire: royal treatment

agreed to rent Astaire and his family a villa for six weeks in southern France. . . . Speaking of sequels, Universal is negotiating to do one on the all-time classic *Gone With the Wind*. . . . Universal also hopes to have Gloria Swanson pick up where she left off twenty-six years ago in her last film, *Sunset Boulevard*. Her new film will be called *The Trial of Norma Desmond* and, if all goes well, will begin with the famous final scene from *Sunset* in which Swanson descends the stairs just after shooting William Holden. . . . *Classical Streisand*, Barbra's successful and novel new album, has produced an equally novel offer. The folks at Sol Hurok have asked her to go on tour as a guest artist with major symphony orchestras, and she's considering it. . . . Should Barbara Walters become the first anchorwoman on a national news program—alongside Eric Sevareid on ABC—rumored first choice for her *Today* show spot is Polly Bergen. . . . How best to describe Ronald Reagan's weathered look? Gore Vidal recently summed it up as "a triumph of the embalmer's art."

Taylor-made

Elizabeth Taylor certainly did not suffer from a shortage of high-level admirers during her recent visit to Washington, D.C. She was seen doing the Hustle with Senator Edward Brooke (R-Mass.) at an Iranian Embassy party; appeared in the Senate gallery with Senator Charles Percy (R-Ill.); and lunched with Katharine Graham in the *Washington Post* publisher's private dining room.

At least one person, however, was not so impressed: Ben Bradlee, the *Post*'s executive editor. He met Taylor briefly when Mrs. Graham brought her down for a tour of the *Post* newsroom, and later was asked for his impression. Said Bradlee bluntly: "She's no big deal. She's short, fat, heavily made up. Besides she's got a mustache."

Seventies

Warmlite: a natural

Our nomination for the most clever approach to promoting the outdoors goes to the folks at Warmlite, a small family-run business based in New Hampshire that custom-makes backpacking equipment. The company's 48-page catalogue is filled with thorough product descriptions, but it's the models for the equipment who really stand out. Although their poses are standard enough—on air mattresses and in sleeping bags, in tents and on rafts—the state of their undress is not. Mostly they look just like you and me—except they are nude.

That isn't to say the pictures are fetching. "We know that sex sells," explains company president and catalogue designer Jack Stephenson. "But we wanted to show how normal and pleasant naturalness can be while avoiding sexist advertising. We figured we could promote nudity." Because most of the Warmlite employees are nudists, the catalogue offered a simple and natural way to spread the word. Jack got the idea after customers responded

Warmlite: natural nudes

enthusiastically to an early catalogue picture of his wife in a bikini.

That was four years ago, and Stephenson believes the company's steady growth (to a modest $250,000 gross last year) must be partly attributed to the catalogue. Nonetheless, Stephenson isn't convinced its effect is entirely salutary. "What we feared most in doing it is that we would distract people and they wouldn't pay attention to what we are selling."

Frankly, we got distracted ourselves, so if you'd like a look at the Warmlite line for yourself, send $1.00 to RFD #4, Box 398, Gilford, N.H. 03246. Better yet, stop by when you're in the area—if you pick the right time of day, you'll be invited to discuss business in the communal hot bath.

Rocks in their head

Good news: the Pet Rock is not the most outrageous example of conspicuous consumption yet concocted. Bad news: we've discovered what is.

The following advertisement appeared in a recent issue of the *New York Times:*

PET ROCK OWNERS
How often does someone say to you—
"IT'S JUST A STUPID, DUMB ROCK!"
You don't ever have to hear that about your ROCK again.

PET ROCK UNIVERSITY
(correspondence college)

3 degrees	(1) Bachelor of Science in ROCK History	Tuition $3
	(2) Master of ROCK Psychiatry	Tuition $5
	(3) Doctorate of ROCK Philosophy	Tuition $10

(each diploma is 8½"x11" suitable for framing contains your PET ROCK's name) You can go for a Bachelor's only or go on to all three. It's up to you. Give your Rock or the Rock of a loved one the education it deserves. You'll never regret it. Send tuition of $3 for course 1 today. Complete price for course, test and personalized diploma. Free surprise souvenir with each diploma (3 different souvenirs!)

PET ROCK UNIVERSITY
2122 Almond Lane
Glendale Heights, Ill. 60137
Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back.

Making America the Beautiful

Rumors that Congress itself might take action to replace our national anthem are common. But Central City, Colorado, got tired of waiting.

"You can't sing it," says Mayor William Russell Jr. "Even Kate Smith has trouble reaching those high notes." Moreover, the City Council expressed dissatisfaction with the "militaristic" overtones of refrains such as "bombs bursting in air" and "rockets' red glare."

The council's lofty resolution suggested that "America the Beautiful," inspired by its writer's visit to the summit of Pikes Peak, Colorado, would be a more appropriate anthem. Frankly, we were holding out for something along the funkier lines of Simon & Garfunkel's "America," but then how do you argue with Mayor Russell's simple logic:

Rewarding Careers in Sales

Make money where there's money to be made.

Join E.F. Hutton—one of Wall Street's fastest-growing brokerage houses.

Right now we have openings for professional financial managers or already-successful sales makers who are in the market for making more of their abilities. Men and women who want more challenges. More opportunities. More of a future.

There is probably no other field in the American competitive system that rewards ability, motivation and performance as well or as quickly as Wall Street. And one of the fastest growing brokerage houses on Wall Street is E. F. Hutton.

During the past five tough years, while some Wall Street firms have been struggling—E. F. Hutton has shown the remarkable ability to grow. Because we are rooted in strength. Strong operating policies. Strong Account Executives. Strong support services. This coupled with a complete line of highly saleable investment products. Outstanding research. Youthful, flexible management. A most attractive compensation plan and fringe benefits. Our own thorough training course to prepare you as an Account Executive...plus a continuing flow of instruction on new products and services.

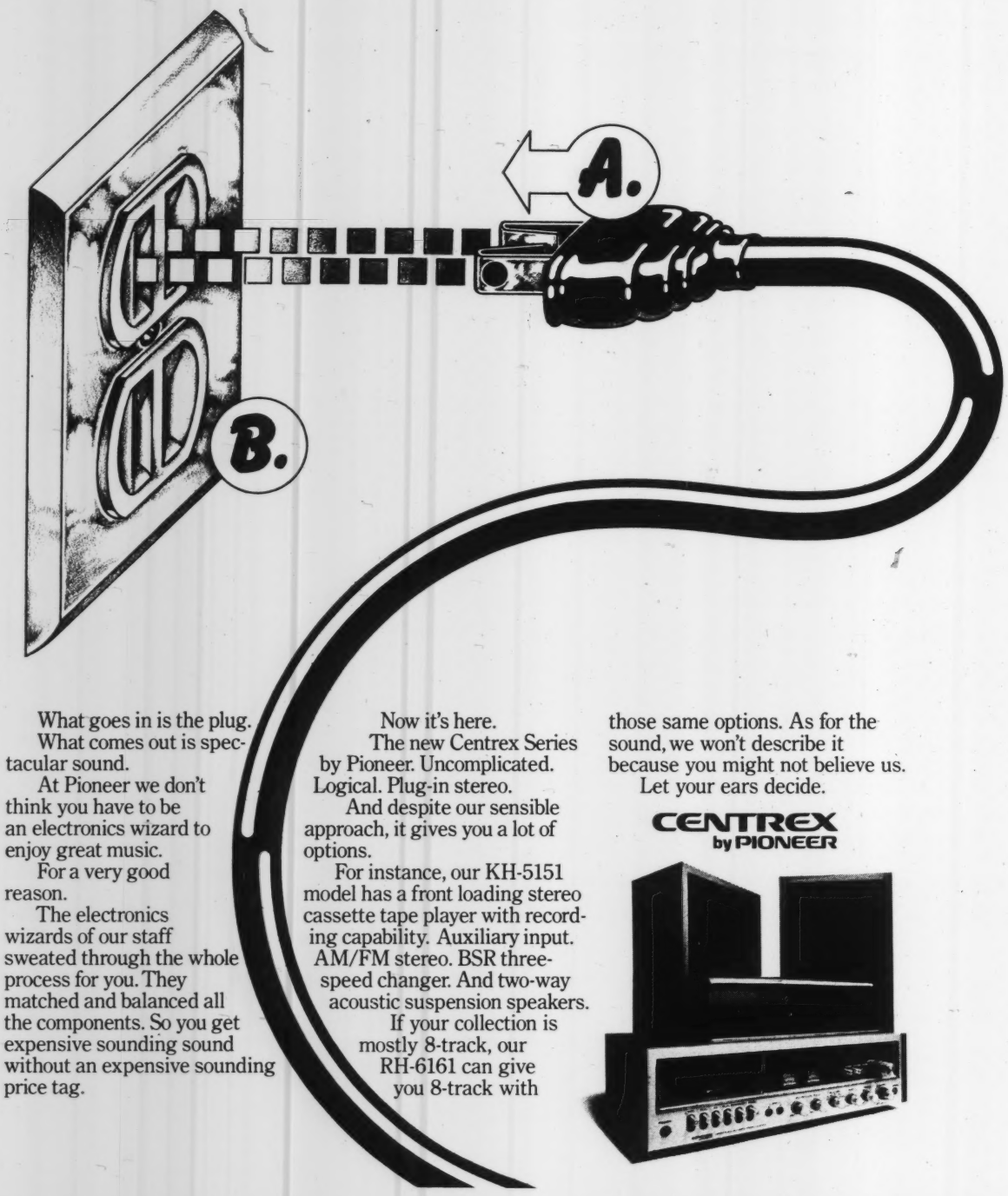
If you think you can make it with the firm that's making it big on Wall Street, write to:

EF Hutton

E. F. Hutton & Company Inc.
Box 444
Bowling Green Station
New York, New York 10004
An equal opportunity employer

When E. F. Hutton talks, people listen.

HOW TO INSTALL A PERFECTLY BALANCED HOME STEREO SYSTEM WITH AM FM MULTIPLEX TUNER, BSR CHANGER, TAPE DECK PLAYBACK WITH CASSETTE RECORD MODE AND TWO 2-WAY ACOUSTIC SUSPENSION SPEAKERS.



What goes in is the plug.

What comes out is spectacular sound.

At Pioneer we don't think you have to be an electronics wizard to enjoy great music.

For a very good reason.

The electronics wizards of our staff sweated through the whole process for you. They matched and balanced all the components. So you get expensive sounding sound without an expensive sounding price tag.

Now it's here.

The new Centrex Series by Pioneer. Uncomplicated. Logical. Plug-in stereo.

And despite our sensible approach, it gives you a lot of options.

For instance, our KH-5151 model has a front loading stereo cassette tape player with recording capability. Auxiliary input. AM/FM stereo. BSR three-speed changer. And two-way acoustic suspension speakers.

If your collection is mostly 8-track, our RH-6161 can give you 8-track with those same options. As for the sound, we won't describe it because you might not believe us.

Let your ears decide.

CENTREX by PIONEER

Test listen a Centrex plug-in stereo at one of these dealers:

ALASKA
Anchorage
Payless Super Drug
Pay N Save
Team Electronics
ALABAMA
All Stores
Gayfers
Newsom's Music Store
Sound Distributors
Decatur
Funland Hi Fi
Gadsden
Rainbow City
Mobile
Fidler Hi Fi
Montgomery
The Record Shop
ARIZONA
Flagstaff
Bill's Audio
Mesa
Hi Fi Sale
Phoenix
Audio Specialists
Bill's Records
Hassler's Home Entertainment Center
LaBelles
Wide World of Music
Tucson
House of Stereo Stores
Sid's Home Ent. Ctr.
Wide World of Music
Yuma
House of Stereo
ARKANSAS
Ft. Smith
BSC Audio
Fayatteville
BSC Audio
Little Rock
Audio Central
BSC Audio
CALIFORNIA NORTHERN
All Stores
Alco Home Electronics
Cal Hi-Fi
Handy Andy
Pacific Stereo
Value Giant
Daly City
Mathews TV
El Cerrito
Discount Mart
Mill Valley
Marlin Music
Modesto
House of Sound
Monterey
Gramaphone & Things
Redding
Music Box
Sacramento
Stereo Showcase
San Francisco
Good Guys
Sherman Clay
San Jose
Miller's Appliances
Quement Electronics
San Mateo
Peninsula Music
Saratoga
Stereo Factory
Sunnyvale
Sunnyvale Electronics
Vallejo
Boyd-Wonn
Visalia
Visalia Sight & Sound
CALIFORNIA SOUTHERN
Bell
College Stereo
Calexico
Radio Shack
Culver City
Glendale Music
WBS Stereo
Eagle Rock
Glendale Music
El Cajon
Sound Center
El Centro
Radio Shack
Escondido
California
Sound Center
Glendale
Glendale Music
Hemet
National Stereo
Huntington Beach
Meissner Stereo Stores
Lancaster
Hunn Enterprises
Los Angeles
Cal Stereo
Federated Electronics
Ken Cranes Stores
Now Sound Stereo
Pacific Stereo
Sound Foyer
Two Guys Dept Stores
University Stereo
Oceanside
California
Sound Center
Orange County
Cal Stereo
Ken Cranes Stores
Now Sound Stereo
Pacific Stereo
Two Guys Dept. Stores
University Stereo
Panorama City
Century Sales
San Bernardino/ Riverside
Cal Stereo
Mission Electronics
Pacific Stereo
San Diego
Dow Sound City
Lafayette-Pro Am Store
Pacific Stereo
Quad Sound
Two Guys Dept. Stores
Walker Scott Department Stores
Westminster
Sound Hound
COLORADO
All Stores
Team Electronics
Colorado Springs
Lafayette
Mecka Music
Denver
Dowings
Empire Audio
LaBelles
May D&F
Ft. Collins
K&H Electronics
Moe's Sight and Sound
Grand Junction
Raetek/Lafayette
Greeley
Big R
Pueblo
Audio Den
Sound Shop
CONNECTICUT
All Stores
Fred Locke Stereo
Prime Value House
Value House
Bloomfield
Bernies TV
Danbury
Kooper Products
National Wholesale Co.
Fitchburg
Fitchburg Music Co.
Hartford
G. Fox
Madison
Sight & Sound
Mansfield
Music & More
Meriden
Meriden Auction Rooms
New Haven
Audio Den
Edward Malley Co.
Newington
Hi Fi Stereo House
Norwalk
Beck & Quint
Caldor's
Portland
Sound Explosions
Waterbury
J & L Stereo
Shoppers World
Windsor
Consumer Sales
DELAWARE
All Stores
Wall to Wall Sound
FLORIDA
Altamonte Springs
Wide World of Music
Clearwater
B & B Stereo
Ft. Lauderdale
Bell's Hi Fi & CB Store
Hi Fi Associates
Ft. Meyers
Stereo World
Ft. Walton Beach
Grice Electronics
Jacksonville
House of Stereo
Hoyt Hi Fidelity
Standard Sales
Stereo Systems
Key West
Swifts Camera
Lakeland
Lafayette Radio
Lake Worth
The Sound Shack
Maitland
Standard Sales
Miami
Electronic Equipment Co.
Flamingo Panasonic
Freeport International
Gold Triangle Stores
Hi Fi Associates
N. Miami Beach
Lafayette Radio
The Stereo Shop
Orlando
Gold Triangle Stores
Pensacola
Grice Electronics Inc.
Gayfers
Plantation
Gold Triangle Stores
St. Petersburg
Standard Sales
Sarasota
Kuban's
Tallahassee
Standard Sales
Stereo Sales, Inc.
Tampa
Gold Triangle Stores
Lafayette Radio
Standard Sales
Vero Beach
The Audio House
GEORGIA
All Stores
BP Electronics
Newsom's Music Stores
Albany
Rodd Electronics
Atlanta
CMC
Melton Electronics
Augusta
Stereo City of Georgia
Columbus
Merit TV & Sound City
Fitzgerald
Western Auto
La Grange
Audio City
Macon
Clark Electronics
Savannah
Norwoods Records
Warner Robins
C&L Electronics
HAWAII
Honolulu
Island Electronics
IDAHO
Boise
Ballou-Latimer
Great Western
Team Electronics
Idaho Falls
Phase 4 Stereo
Pocatello
Audiotronics
Sound World
ILLINOIS
All Stores
Apple Tree
CMC
Playback
Team Electronics
Venture Stores
Arlington Heights
Stereo Studio
Canton
Stereo Village
Carbondale
Lowell's Jewelers
Champaign
Evolution Electronics
Chicago
Auto Sound
Chicago Lincoln Stereo
Hi Fi Hutch
Musicraft
Pacific Stereo
Schaak
Wiebolts
Collinsville
Bert's Audio & TV Showroom
De Kalb
J & M Electronics
Dixon
Dixon Electronics
Galesburg
Lindstrom's
Highland Park
Columbia Hi Fi
Hillside
Hillside Music
McHenry
Tones Music
Mt. Prospect
Custom Stereo
Randhurst Music
Moline
Audio Dimension
Rockford
20th Century Elect.
Sterling
Midwest Hi Fi
INDIANA
All Stores
CMC
Hillman Jewelers
McKinney's Appliances
Mr. Clark's Appliances
Playback
Sound Master's
Bloomington
Full-O-Pep Appliances
Greencastle
Shuee & Son
Indianapolis
ACR Appliance Center
Wm. H. Block Co.
Lafayette
George Tyrie Appl.
Muncie
Clark's Service
New Castle
H & H Sales & Service
Terre Haute
Rool's
IOWA
All Stores
Cartidge City Elect.
Ryan's Musicland
Sound World
Team Electronics
Des Moines
Brandeis
Ginsberg Furniture
Mitchum's TV & Appl.
Waterloo
Black's Dept. Store
KANSAS
All Stores
Interstate Electronic Supply
Team Electronics
Coffeyville
Westco Home Furn.
Manhatten
Conde Music
Topeka
Tri City Sound
Wichita
David's
Space Age Sound
KENTUCKY
All Stores
Bacon's
Playback
Erlanger
Steinberg's Inc.
Lexington
Barney Miller
Owensboro
FM Hi Fidelity
LOUISIANA
Alexandria
House of Electronics
Baton Rouge
Davis Electronics
Lake Charles
Decks & Tapes
New Orleans
Campo Appliance
Tape City
Shreveport
Shreveport Refrigeration
MAINE
All Stores
Value House
Augusta
Frank Pomerleau
MARYLAND
All Stores
W. Bell
Baltimore
International Hi Fi
Stereo Discounters
Washington, D.C.
Douglas Stereo-TV-Hi Fi
German Hi Fi Center
George's
Star Radio
Cumberland
Sound World
MASSACHUSETTS
All Stores
Jordan Marsh
Value House
Boston
Tweeter Etc.
Cohasset
Old Colony Stereo
Fall River
Haddad
Hanover
Old Colony Stereo
Holyoke
Paysaver
Marblehead
Music Stable III
Quincy
Old Colony Stereo
Springfield
Forbes & Wallace
Lafayette Radio
Westwood
Mal-Mark
Worcester
O'Coin's
MICHIGAN
All Stores
Team Electronics
Adrian
Lafayette Radio
Ann Arbor
Big Georges
Highland Appliance
Lafayette Radio
Brighton
Big Georges
Coldwater
J B Branch Co.
Dearborn
Adrays Appliance
Detroit
Stereo City Stores
Detroit Metro Area
Audioland Stores
Highland Appliance
Lafayette Radio
Grand Rapids
Highland Appliance
Lafayette Radio
Sound Room
Jackson
Lafayette Radio
Kalamazoo
Lafayette Radio
Sound Room
Lansing
Highland Appliance
Royal Oak
Royal Radio
Saginaw
Highland Appliance
Lafayette Radio
Westland
Berrys Home Supply
Ypsilanti
Big Georges
MINNESOTA
All Stores
Goldfine's
Hooley's TV & Audio
LaBelles
Leyquist's Sound Idea
Schaak
Stereo 1
Team Electronics
Minneapolis
Stereo Buy
Virginia
Hejda's TV & Sound
Worthington
Rick Beil's Appliance Store
MISSISSIPPI
All Stores
Audio Systems
Newsom's Music Stores
Village Sound Center
Grenada
Grenada Sewing Center
Gulfport
Magnetic Sounds
MISSOURI
All Stores
Burnstein-Applebee Co.
CMC
Reed's Stereo
Team Electronics
Venture Stores
Cape Girardeau
Kemper & Dodd
Columbia
Barne's TV
St. Louis
Anchor Distributing
Tipton
Springfield
Music World
MONTANA
Billings
LaBelles
Sound World
Bozeman
Sound World
Great Falls
Art's Electronics
Team Electronics
Missoula
Electronics Parts
Team Electronics
NEBRASKA
All Stores
Stereo Studio
Team Electronics
Grand Island
Lumbard-Leschinsky
Kearney
Midwest Audio
Omaha
Brandeis
Paramount Furn. & Appl.
Sol Lewis
NEVADA
Las Vegas
Garehime Music
Lafayette Radio
NEW HAMPSHIRE
Manchester
Bi-Rite Merchandisers
Treisman's
Newington
Radio Shack
NEW MEXICO
Alamagordo
Audio Associates
Albuquerque
Hudson's Audio
LaBelles
Carlsbad
Bartlett Sound
NORTH DAKOTA
All Stores
Team Electronics
Fargo
Schaak
Williston
Russ Nelson Appliance Co.
NEW JERSEY
All Stores
Bamberger's
Dee's of New Jersey
Prince Range
Rickles
Sam Gordon's
Stern's
Two Guys
Valley Fair
Cherry Hill
Radio Shack
Sound Odyssey
Flanders
Acro Sound
Hackettstown
The Trading Post
Hawthorne
Jersey Electronics Dist.
Irvington
Balpor TV
Jersey City
Sound Machine
Kearny
Kearny Electronics
Lawrenceville
Music Scene
Manasquan
Charles Rogers
Middletown
Music 1
Moorestown
Radio Shack
North Bergan
Keystone Appliance
North Plainfield
Stereo City
Oakhurst
H.S. Stereo
Paterson
Marcolini's
Phillipsburg
Peter P. Dennis
Rahway
Rahway's
Sutton Distributors
Shipbottom
Island Record Shop
Shrewsbury
Monmouth Stereo
Sommerville
Imperial TV
Ostro's
Succasunna
Freund Appliance
Panasound Audio
Toms River
Lionels
Trenton
Hal's Stereo Center
Washington
Washington Stereo
Wayne
Mountain View Elec.
West Orange
Radio Shack
Woodbridge
Woodbridge Stereo
NEW YORK
All Stores
Abraham & Straus
Alexanders Dept. Store
Arrow Electronics
Churchill Stereo
Friendly Frost
Gem Electronics
Korvettes
Lafayette Radio
Leonard Radio
Macy's
Mays Department Store
Newmark & Lewis
Sam Goody Record Shops
Sound & Sight Audio
Stereo Warehouse
Willoughby-Peerless
Albany
Seiden Sound
Binghamton
Hart Electronics
Bronx
Corner Distributing
Brooklyn
E.B.A./Appliance World
J.E.S. Appliance
Times Square Stores
Buffalo
Move N Sound
Corning
Chemung Electronics
Elmira
Chemung Electronics
Fredonia
Warren Radio
Glens Falls
Seiden Sound
Jamestown
Warren Radio
Latham
Seiden Sound
New Rochelle
Cartridge Counter
New York City
J & R Music World
S & S Buying Service
Vendome Trading
Westman Distributing
Mineola
Zalytron Tube Co.
Patchogue
Square Deal Radio
Queens Village
Iran International
Schenectady
Seiden Sound
Syracuse
Gordon Electronics
Utica
Seiden Sound
Westbury
Fortunoff's
NORTH CAROLINA
Asheville
Backstage Sound Co.
Asheboro
Rowlands
Charlotte
Audio Systems
World Electronics
Elkin
Elmore's Inc.
Fayetteville
AAA Co. Inc.
Eddie's Music
Gastonia
Stereo Village
Greensboro
Guilford Electronics
High Point
Electronic Mart
Shelby
Stereo Tronics
Statesville
Elmore's Inc.
Winston-Salem
Ed Kelly
OHIO
Alliance
Sound World
Athens
Vere-Smith Audio Visual
Cincinnati
Steinberg's Inc.
Swallens, Inc.
Cleveland
Mr. T
Sound Chamber
Columbus
Sun TV & Appliance Inc.
Swallens, Inc.
Lazarus
Dayton
Budco Sales, Inc.
Rex Radio, TV & Appl.
Fremont
America Audio
Kettering
Rex Radio, TV & Appl.
Lima
Lazarus
Mansfield
Lazarus
Servex Electronics Dist.
Swallens Inc.
Marietta
Vere-Smith Audio Visual
Marion
Servex Electronics Dist.
Mentor
Sound Chamber
Newark
Sun TV & Appliance Inc.
Toledo
Channel One Ent. Ctr.
Jameison's Hi-Fi
Warren
Custom Sounds
Wooster
Servex Electronics Dist.
Youngstown
King's
Custom Sounds
Consolidated Warehouse
OKLAHOMA
All Stores
Team Electronics
Lawton
Hawkins TV
Oklahoma City
Music Etc.
Soundtrak
Tulsa
Imperial Sound
Sevco
OREGON
Eugene
ACE Electronics
Portland
Meier & Frank Co.
Smith Home Furn.
Salem
Team Electronics
PENNSYLVANIA
All Stores
Clover
Gimbels Dept. Store
Listening Booth
Lit Brothers
Strawbridge & Clothier
Tech Hi Fi
Wall to Wall Sound
Allentown
Eastern Light
Ephrata
Stereo Barn
Erie
Mace Electronics
Greensburg
Wander Sales
Harrisburg
Allied Radio Shack
Langhorne
Music Scene
McKeesport
Wander Sales
Monroeville
Wander Sales
Natrona Heights
Sound Shack
New Castle
Perelman's Inc.
Philadelphia
Levins
Radio 437
Pittsburgh
Sound World
The Appliance Store
Wander Sales
Pottstown
Bond TV & Appliances
Reading
Barkley Electronics
Scranton
Root Electronics
York
Electronics Place
RHODE ISLAND
Cranston
Aura Enterprises
Pawtucket
Apex
N. Providence
Stereo Places
Providence
D B's Tape Town
Warwick
Apex
W. Warwick
Chicks Jewelry
SOUTH CAROLINA
Charleston
SCCS Inc.
Columbia
Frawley's TV & Music
Greenville/ Spartanburg
Don Jones Custom Stereo
Spartanburg
C.B. Poole
Sumter
TV Service Center
SOUTH DAKOTA
Aberdeen
Stereo Town
Team Electronics
Mitchell
Ideal Appliance
Rapid City
Top Appliance
Sioux Falls
Sound Emporium
TENNESSEE
Clarkesville
Radio Shack
Chattanooga
Capitol Audio Visual
Cookeville
Radio Shack
Johnston City
Greene's Camera
Lebanon
Radio Shack
Memphis
Scott Appliance Co.
Nashville
Radio Shack
TEXAS
All Stores
Custom Hi Fi
Sterling Sound
Abilene
Tape Town
Amarillo
Capital Electronics Inc.
Austin
Berkmans
Discount Shop
Beaumont
Dyer Electronics
Gemco
Clute
Woodward Stereo
Corpus Christi
Dyer Electronics
Tape Town
Dallas
Al's TV & Stereo
Melody Shops
Sound Climax
TECO
El Paso
Audio Consultants
Houston
City Appliance
Fingers Furniture
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Home Center
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Metex
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Edward's Electronics
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" 'America the Beautiful' is easy to remember and it doesn't have any of that war stuff in it."

Ford's kitchen debate

When Gerald Ford delivered a speech to the Future Homemakers of America during a recent campaign swing through North Carolina, some members of the press labeled it the President's worst ever—no small achievement considering the competition. The White House, however, was hardly embarrassed. In fact, a senior speechwriter, Robert Orben, assured us that Ford took more than a passing interest in the preparation of the speech. "He played quite an intensive role," said Orben. "He isn't getting up there and reading words that he isn't thoroughly familiar with and approving of." Space limitations have so far precluded any publication from reprinting more than a few sentences of the speech. In the interest of full disclosure, we offer the meat of Ford's remarks and the opportunity to make your own judgment. Without further ado, we give you the President of the United States:

It is really a great privilege and a very high honor to have the opportunity to address this great convention of the North Carolina Association of Future Homemakers of America. I wish to thank you for that very beautiful rose that you have just given me as your symbol. As I understand it, the rose represents the search of future homemakers for beauty in everyday living, and you certainly started out by making my day today more beautiful, and I thank you very much.

I intend to take this rose, with all that it represents, back to the White House with me later today. But I am a little concerned about what will happen when I get there. I am afraid that my daughter, Susan, will want to take a picture of the rose and that my 24-year-old son, Jack, and 18-year-old son, Steve, will try to get it from me so they can give it to one of their girlfriends. [Laughter.]

But to solve the problem without any difficulties, I will give it to the most appropriate person that I know, the finest homemaker that I know—my wife, Betty, and she will really appreciate it. Betty makes the White House, as far as we are concerned, a real home. Her homemaking for 27½ years is fully consistent with your ideas of preserving the great tradition of the American family. . . .

Betty has . . . told me that she found the homemaking career equally as rewarding as appearing on the stage. She made homemaking for the Ford family a profession. She served simultaneously as mother, cook, interior decorator, chauffeur, telephone operator, nurse, psychologist and political adviser and, I might add parenthetically, always a helpful critic with always some very good ideas of her own. . . .

You, as future homemakers, are just as important to our nation as the men and women who serve in our military forces. To make America a land of happy homes and happy families is patriotic in the best sense of the word. This nation could not thrive and survive without you.

I regret that some people in this country have disparaged and demeaned the role of the homemaker. I say—and say it with emphasis and conviction—that homemaking is good for America. I say that homemaking is not out of date, and I reject strongly such accusations. Every American who chooses to be a homemaker can take pride in a fine, fine vocation. You should never be embarrassed to say anywhere on the face of this earth, "I am an American homemaker, and I am proud of it." And then, if you add for emphasis that you are a Tarheel homemaker, you can be doubly proud.

I look to the future and see a very family-oriented society in America. I see people becoming more mature. . . . I see freedom without anarchy and with no exploitation of one person by another. I see love and respect nurtured by the family and generated by individual self-confidence. Yes, there will be different styles of living in the new age, but the mainstream will be exemplified by the kind of homes you will make and the families that you will raise. . . .

When you discourage the use of drugs and alcohol, you help yourself and influence others by your outstanding example. You make it possible for babies to be born healthy into a wholesome climate. Through your knowledge of nutrition and consumer education, you can separate real food from junk food. You can also separate real and enduring values from phony and temporary fads. . . .

Our challenge, yours and mine, is to foster a new appreciation of the American home, new cohesion in the American family, new moderation in the relationship of government to the governed and new American strength throughout the world. . . . Thank you very, very much.

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PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVID BURNETT

The ghost of campaigns past continues to haunt the Democratic race. The question is, has the junior senator from Minnesota blown his timing once again?

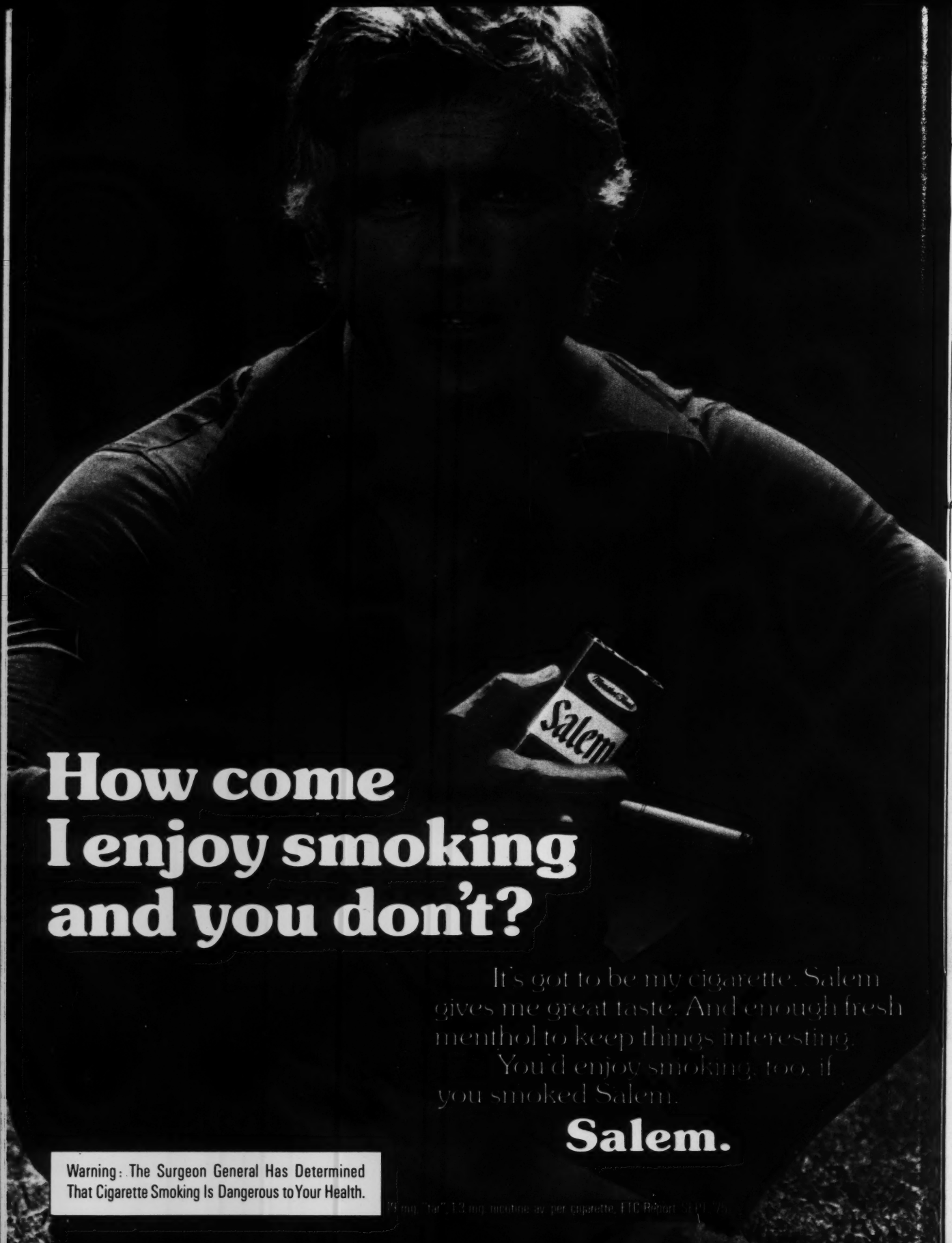
THE VERY LAST HURRAH OF HUBERT HORATIO HUMPHREY

By Robert Sam Anson

It is one of those July days in New York, one of those unbelievable dog days, when the only way to survive the city is to surrender to its craziness, and, inside Madison Square Garden, that is what the delegates to the Democratic National Convention are doing now. They have just taken the second ballot, and Jimmy Carter has come up exactly 119 votes short. In the aisles, campaign workers are desperately scurrying back and forth, like rats trying to escape a maze. Bob Strauss is pounding his gavel, and no one is paying any attention to him. The standards of half a dozen states are waving wildly in the air for recognition. A handful of them could tip it. Then, suddenly, from back in the galleries, there is the beginning of a chant. In moments, it is rolling over the rows of delegates like an irresistible wave, until the arena fairly shakes with the cry, "We want Humphrey. We want Humphrey. We want Humphrey."

"Fasten your seat belts, ladies and gentlemen," the stewardess is saying, "and bring your seat backs and tray tables to their full upright position." But the man across the aisle in the first-class section doesn't hear her. His seat is pushed back, and he is collapsed into it, eyes closed, features relaxed, oblivious to everything around him. No one bothers him. He is the kind of man who invites tolerance. Besides, this has been a big day for him. Half an hour ago, he left behind a thousand men and women, delegates to the annual convention of the Pennsylvania AFL-CIO, screaming for him to be president. It is the kind of experience that allows any man to break the rules for a moment, lie back and dream those dreams, especially if his name is Hubert Horatio Humphrey and he has been dreaming them as long as he has. As the plane climbs off the runway, you look at him again, and you notice that the corners of his mouth have settled into a smile.

Well, why not? The polls showed him the overwhelming choice of his party to be its presidential nominee. The state chairmen were lined up solidly behind him, and so were the mayors. How could they resist after the performance Humphrey had put on for them the other day in New York, promising to dump billions upon them, a "Marshall Plan for the cities," he had called it. The Jersey mayors—Gibson of Newark, Jordan of Jersey City—had taken him aside for a little chat afterward to tell him how much they appreciated him, which was nice and also convenient, since New Jersey had a big primary coming up. Then last night there had been a big fund-raiser for him in Washington, the lobbyists and lawyers jammed into one of those overcrowded hotel ballrooms to clap him on the back and drink watered-down booze at $150 a throw. One of the ladies had come up and said to him, "Soon I'm going to have to call you Mr. President, Hubert." He had smiled at that, as he had when he saw Jerry Wurf in the crowd. Jerry was president of the county, state and municipal employees union. There



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were votes there, volunteers and money, too.

And the day before? That had been even better. Udall had come within an ace of beating Carter in Wisconsin, and, in New York, Udall and Scoop had clobbered him. Upstate, all of Joe Crangle's uncommitteds had won their races, and they were his already. Everyone knew that Scoop and Udall were going nowhere, so you could count their delegates in, too. Now, in the morning *New York Times* on the seat beside him was a front-page story with the best news of all. Carter had finally tripped himself up, telling some reporters in Cleveland that the "ethnic purity" of neighborhoods ought to be preserved. He had used buzz words like "black intrusion" and "alien groups," and when you read the story it was obvious that he had a helluva tar baby on his hands. The more he tried to get rid of it, the stickier it got. My goodness, it had been a week. And then, this morning. That had been the topper. The moment he walked into that hall in Pittsburgh, they had started cheering. Cheering? Heck, they were going crazy. Signs, chants, ILGWU ladies snake-dancing in the aisles, a big banner saying "Pennsylvanians for Humphrey," and the cameras had gotten all of it, the cameras and Jim Wooten from the *Times*, and the *Newsweek* man who was following him around, too. And what was even sweeter was that Mike Johnson had put it all together. Mike *was* organized labor in Pennsylvania. If Mike was for you, well, you didn't have many worries. Come to think of it, Humphrey didn't have many at all. Let's see. Bob Short was putting together that Draft Humphrey Committee in Minnesota. The committee in Washington was about to send out a 17,000-piece mailing. And the liberals? They were pounding on his door. It was all going so wonderfully, almost as if by plan. And that was the most wonderful part of all. There was no plan. He didn't have to do anything. For once, they wanted him.

Yes, it's true. Hubert Horatio Humphrey has arisen from the dead. "It seems," as one political operator puts it, "that we forgot to drive the stake through his heart." The candidate who would not die had come back to haunt us. "The New Humphrey," they are calling him this time, to distinguish him from the ghosts of 1972, 1968, 1964 and 1960, as well as to explain the sudden lack of hisses and boos from liberals who have been spending most of their adult life figuring out ways to put him underground once and for all. They always failed. He kept coming back. And that, as much as anything, explains this silly season's oddest political love affair. Like the funny-looking kid in the movies who gets the girl in the end, after all the other suitors have gone their errant ways, he just outlasted everybody.

Until now, there have always been reasons why Hubert Humphrey was a loser: he wasn't Jack Kennedy, he was Lyndon Johnson's stooge, he couldn't be forgiven for the war. All that is gone now. The war is over. Johnson is dead. There is no Jack or Bobby to whom he can be compared—only Carter, Jackson and Udall, and, in truth, really only Carter. Maybe that's why, after twenty-five years, there is such longing after Hubert Humphrey. Maybe we have changed. Or maybe, too, we just have short memories.

In any case, the war is over with Hubert Humphrey. Those who once spat out his name now invoke it fondly, with the kind of affection that comes from rediscovering an old friend who, for reasons that don't seem important anymore, has been away too long. "Good old Hubert," Joe Rauh now calls him, the same Joe Rauh who, as president of Americans for Democratic Action, once battled Humphrey so bitterly. Ann Wexler, one of the leaders of the McCarthy kids who were gassed and beaten in the streets of Chicago, today talks of Humphrey as the only man who can fill the void that liberals feel. Paul Soglin, who was one of those kids and who today is mayor of Madison, Wisconsin, speaks generously of Humphrey's "acceptability." They are not isolated cases. In state after state, city after city, where shadow Humphrey campaigns are being put together, former Humphrey haters are emerging as Humphrey backers. In California, Warren Beatty, one of McGovern's chief fundraisers, is quietly helping to put together a Humphrey organization. In New York, Howard Stein, president of the Dreyfus Fund and another McGovern money man, recently held a private fund-raiser for the junior senator from Minnesota, who, among other things, is up for reelection this year. In New Jersey, a crucial primary state, where a nominally uncommitted but actually pro-Humphrey slate of delegates is being headed by Congressman Peter Rodino, the chief organizers of the Humphrey effort are, respectively, the former state chairman and vice-chairman of George McGovern's 1972 presidential campaign. Frank Mankiewicz, the former press secretary to Robert Kennedy and McGovern's chief political strategist in 1972, has been urging Humphrey to enter the primaries since before New Hampshire. McGovern himself, who was savaged by Humphrey during the California primary and was bitter for months afterward, was open to an effort this fall by former McGovern and Humphrey people to put together a joint presidential ticket, with Humphrey at its head and McGovern the candidate for vice-president.

"It's hard to hate the guy anymore," shrugs one former McGovern aide. "I suppose I should, but when I go over the reasons, none of them makes any sense"

There is poetic irony in all of this, and no one appreciates it more than Humphrey. In many ways, the most painful aspect of his 1968 presidential campaign was not in losing, nor in coming so close (one half of one percentage point, or, as Humphrey puts it, "just a few more days"), but in having his friends—students, college professors, liberal columnists—turn against him. One former aide recalls riding home with Humphrey one night in 1968 in the vice-presidential limousine. Humphrey was reading an early edition of the *New York Times* in which James Reston was giving him an especially vigorous battering over Vietnam. As the aide watched, tears began rolling down Humphrey's cheeks. "Hey, shrug it off," the aide said. Humphrey, eyes brimming, replied: "You don't understand. These are the people I care about." And now, once again, they care about him. "It's hard to hate the guy anymore," shrugs one former McGovern aide who is supporting Humphrey. "I suppose I should, at least I keep thinking I should. But when I go over the reasons, none of them makes any sense. He's like everyone's favorite uncle. How can you hate your uncle?"

People have always felt that way about Hubert Humphrey: emotional, gushy, a little sloppy—feelings, in short, not unlike the man himself. As you watch him moving through a crowd, you can see the effect he has on people. At the Washington fund-raiser, they would puff up at his approach, standing a little taller than usual, their chests filling with air, their faces breaking into irresistible grins. The fact is that Humphrey makes people happy, so happy that even hardened political professionals, immune to every ploy, find it tough not to give in to him. "I

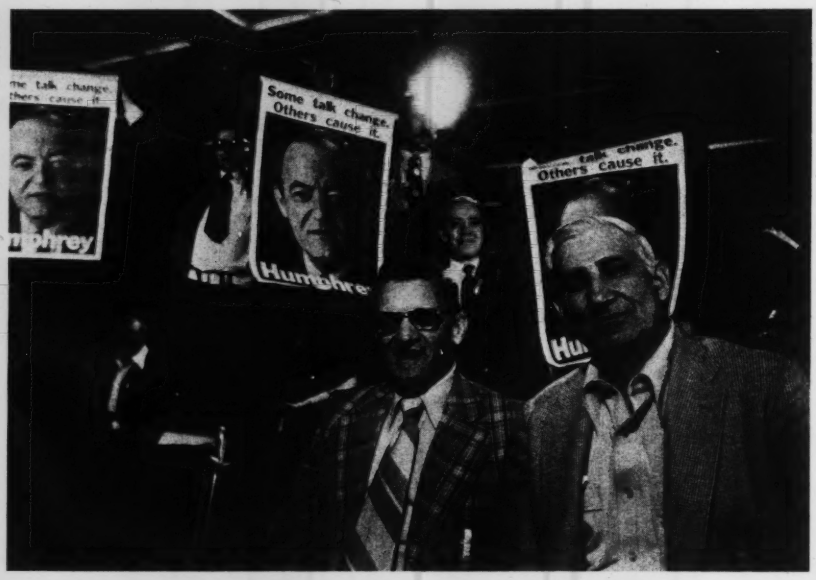
was with the senator the night he lost in 1968," remembers one pro. "And when I went back to my room, I felt a cold chill, like I had when my father died. God, it felt bad having him lose. Then I got another chill. I thought to myself, 'What if he had won?' "

Good old Hubert. To hate him has always taken some doing. There were the memories of the good fights he had fought: the civil rights speech to the 1948 Democratic Convention; the 1960 campaign, when Humphrey was the liberal candidate and Jack Kennedy, in a way not unlike Jimmy Carter, was a vaguely conservative ambitious upstart; the programs he battled and pushed for, even when few were listening—Medicare, voting rights, the war on poverty, on and on through the whole liberal litany. Good old Hubert. He was always there, talking too much, promising things he could never deliver, childishly enthusiastic to the point of embarrassment, but there nonetheless. You could fault his style (kissing wife Muriel's image on the TV screen during the 1968 convention), his rhetoric ("the politics of joy," the motto for the bloody 1968 campaign), his judgment (illegal campaign contributions in 1972, a campaign manager now in federal prison), but never his heart. Good old Hubert. You could depend on that heart, be sure it would always bleed for the right causes. Other politicians might match his voting record issue for issue, but none could equal his heart, that vast, gooey organ, always thumping for the downtrodden of the earth, however cynical or self-interested their pleadings. The heart made him forgivable—and it was also why there was so much to forgive. Because, with the right appeal, Humphrey could always be taken in. "He doesn't have any skepticism," a former aide says. "When Johnson called him in for those little chats about the war, Humphrey swallowed it hook, line and sinker. He really believed all that stuff on McNamara's charts. It never occurred to him that men who were his friends would lie to him." Even today, when Humphrey invokes the liberal icons—old folks moldering in a nursing home, hungry children living in tenements, Chicanos toiling in the pitiless sun—the heart gets the best of him. The voice cracks, the eyes glisten with tears. "He is the only man in public life I have ever known who when he uses the phrase 'the American people' is thinking of flesh and blood human beings," says a prominent Washington political operator who used to work for Humphrey and has few illusions about him. "You can laugh at him but, boy, he's real."

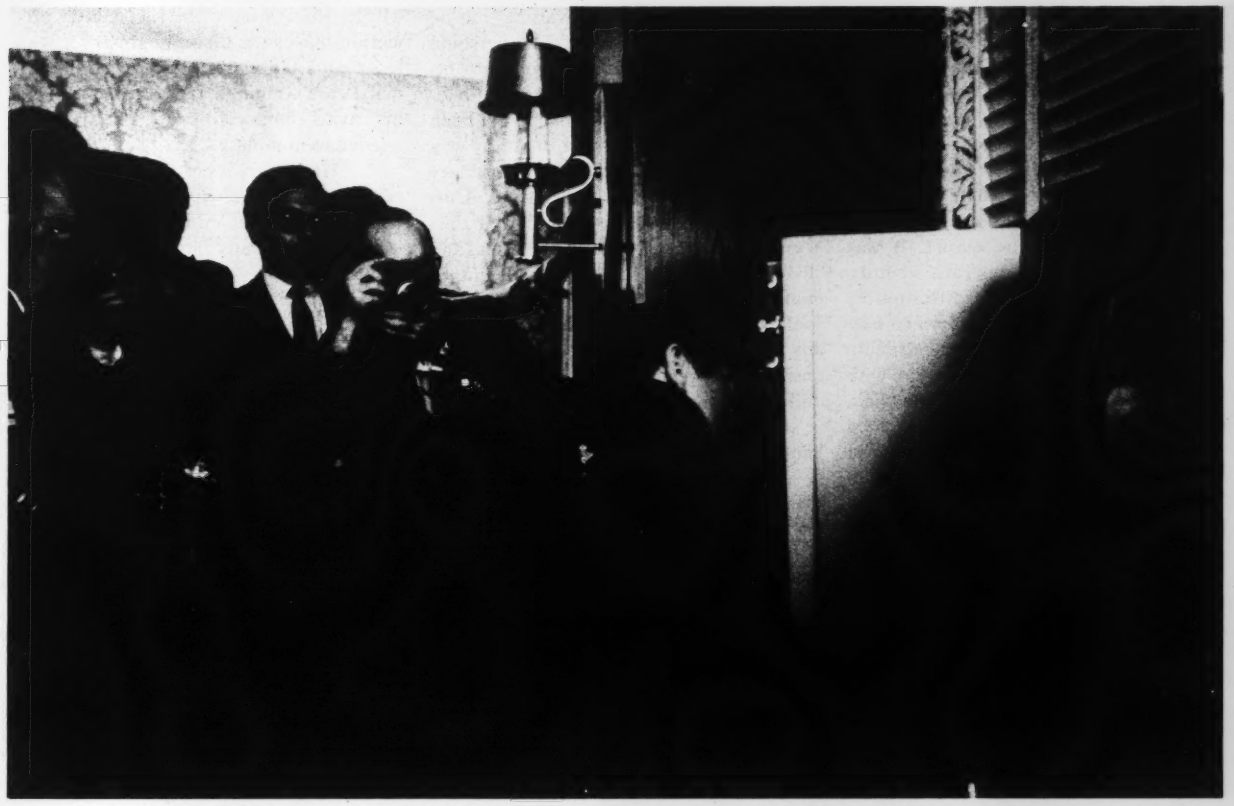
And there *is* something endearing about that, especially when contrasted with the cold-blooded energies of the "new politicians." He is the last of his tribe, the final survivor of that generation which came to political consciousness during the New Deal. "I learned more about economics during one South Dakota dust storm," he boasts, "than in seven years in the university." Humphrey's new admirers smile when they hear him talk like that, going on about "the constant struggle between the forces of progress and the forces of reaction." To hear Humphrey talk, the country is constantly menaced by a shadowy cabal of "stock brokers" and "Wall Street bankers." What escapes him is that the world has changed, that the enemies he rails against are, in all probability, major contributors to his campaigns.

No matter. Humphrey plunges on. He was arguing in the Senate a couple of weeks ago, telling the Agriculture Committee that it had to pass a tough law mandating federal grain inspection. It was a classic Humphrey performance. Here is this problem, he was saying: the grain was rotten and short-weighted. The inspectors were on the take. The confidence of the American people was being undermined. The only solution was for the federal government to step in and clean up the mess. Franklin Roosevelt

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVID BURNETT/CONTACT



Everything was rosy in Pennsylvania. The tireless "non-candidate" addressed enthusiastic AFL-CIO supporters (top) and an attentive group of students (bottom).



STAN WAYMAN/TIME INC.

Humphrey plants a kiss on the video version of his wife Muriel during the 1968 convention in Chicago.

probably would have said the same thing. But then Henry Bellmon, the senator from Oklahoma, spoke up, dryly reciting a clipping from the *New York Times* which pointed out that the meat industry already had federal inspectors to no avail—they too were corrupt. Humphrey listened with his chin in his hand, doodling little circles on the pad in front of him. Bellmon's argument didn't change his mind, and the bill passed—but narrowly.

There will come a time, of course, when Humphrey will no longer have the votes. The prospect mystifies as much as troubles him. According to his friends, Humphrey genuinely cannot understand a candidate like Carter, who appeals for government to do *less*. And so, as he moves around the country, there is a note of pleading in his rhetoric: "Am I to be told that I cannot promise, that we cannot hope?" he asked the labor peple in Pittsburgh. "Life is built on hope. Promises make for hope. Without the promise, there would never be progress. Everything in life is a promise. Marriage is a promise. A child coming into the world is a promise. The Bible itself is a promise. It is filled with promises. That is its message: that life is a promise."

It is, at any rate, certainly Hubert Humphrey's message, and everyone was getting it loud and clear. To be in that Pittsburgh hall was to be carried back decades, back to the struggles for civil rights, back to the Great Society, back to the New Frontier, back to the New Deal, back to the Depression, back to the Dust Bowl, back, back, back, like a rider in a political time machine, to William Jennings Bryan thundering that mankind would not be crucified upon a cross of gold. There he was, Hubert Humphrey, the prophet from Minnesota, calling down damnation on labor's enemies. "These free market pirates," he called them. "These buccaneers." Hubert would deal with them, all right. "Come election day, there will be the greatest exodus of people out of Washington and across the Potomac since Moses led the children of Israel out of Egypt," he shouted. And the crowd roared back at him. "That's right, that's right," the ILGWU ladies murmured. "I'll tell you something," he said. "If you can have 6 percent money for Brazil and 7 percent money for Russia, then you can have 6 percent money for Pennsylvania." Now they stamped their feet in approval. "You're what we need, Hubert," one man called. Humphrey beamed. "If there's anyone in this hall who needs political salvation, come on down here," he beckoned, and they laughed and shrieked with delight, knowing what he was doing to them. For an hour it went on that way, vintage Humphrey, and, when it was over, they were on their feet, shouting for him, begging him to lead them.

The difference is that this year he doesn't need them. For the moment at least, Hubert Humphrey has given up trying to be president of the United States. He loves to tell that to people, waxing expansively on his new "inner peace," explaining how the desire that for so long consumed him has suddenly drained out of him. As he puts it: "I didn't want to be a perennial. If I ran, every reporter, every political columnist would be writing, 'Well, there's old Humphrey again. What can we say about him this time?' I don't need all that psychoanalysis. I don't need it one damn bit."

All of which may be true. Still, Humphrey's words would be more convincing if they hadn't been uttered on the way to what, in effect, was a political rally for him in a state about to choose 178 delegates for the Democratic National Convention, to a reporter who, as he well knew, would later be subjecting him to just that kind of psychoanalysis.

Actually, figuring Hubert Hum-

phrey out isn't overly difficult, not when everything about him is so utterly transparent, including the fact that all his non-campaign lacks in order to be a real campaign is a post office box, Secret Service protection and a press conference announcing his candidacy. There was a time, back last summer, when Humphrey truly wasn't running. He not only said he wasn't, he *acted* like he wasn't. It was then that a group of Democratic liberals, including both McGovern and Humphrey supporters, cooked up a scheme to harness the old rivals in tandem, the ultimate unifying, star-spangled dream ticket, with Humphrey, naturally enough, at its head. McGovern was interested and sounded out Humphrey on the idea. "He just didn't care about it. Didn't show any interest," McGovern says. "He didn't have it for another race. At least he had me convinced."

Humphrey had others convinced as well, perhaps including himself. Walter Mondale, who regards Humphrey almost as a father, wrote him an elaborate memo, laying out the various political alternatives and arguing strongly that the best one was for Humphrey to contest his rivals, head to head, in the primaries. There was similar advice from other supporters and senators. Humphrey, however, would hear none of it. Nor would he allow them to put together a shadow organization, nor to beef up his chronically weak staff, nor even take the small logistics precautions—such as having the Minnesota legislature change the state law to allow him to run for president and for the Senate at the same time. Humphrey told them all that the activity would be an exercise in futility. Inevitably, he said, the nominee would emerge from the primaries, and he lacked the stomach to go through them again.

"He was telling half the truth, anyway," says one of Humphrey's friends. "He didn't want to face those primaries. But I don't think he ever thought that anyone would lock up the nomination. He thought that sooner or later the party would have to turn to him. It was a matter of timing. All he had to do was wait." Humphrey, as usual, miscalculated. "He's a lousy politician," says a very good politician who knows Humphrey well. "He's got about the worst sense of political timing of anyone I know. He missed it in 1968 by waiting too long to move away from the war. He missed it in 1972 by not going against McGovern much earlier on. And now he's blown it again. Waited too long. That's why he says he's not running. He can't do anything more than he's doing now. He has to wait on Carter. And he knows it."

Humphrey may be waiting, but he is hardly standing in place. The personal appearance requests are flowing into his office at a thousand-a-month clip, and, for the last couple of months, he has been making speeches—many of them, by way of happy coincidence, in key primary states—at a rate of seven per week. During one recent week, he delivered thirteen speeches before various political and civic groups. He has finally begun to make some smart logistical moves as well. The bumper stickers and buttons for his Minnesota senatorial campaign, for instance, all read "Humphrey '76," carefully omitting for *what* in '76. Meanwhile, a small group of Humphrey supporters, including some old friends, a few middle-level Washington lawyers and a couple of congressmen, has been meeting weekly on Capitol Hill, informally gathering political intelligence. The group has already sent out a mailing to Democratic party officials, advising them to hang loose until

"Right now," glooms a Humphrey political operator, "it's Jimmy Carter versus no one. He has to beat himself"

Hubert makes up his mind; has a full-time staffer assembling profiles of the already-elected uncommitted delegates; and, significantly, keeps in close touch with Humphrey's office, advising, among other things, where Humphrey should make personal appearances.

In addition to this low-key, rather folksy effort, a Draft Humphrey Committee will shortly be forming in Minnesota, under the leadership of businessman Bob Short, the treasurer of the Democratic National Committee. Already, this "non-organization" has enlisted the talents of several prominent political professionals who are working virtually full-time to put together the nuts and bolts of a Humphrey candidacy. In the Washington office of one of their important but nominally neutral supporters there is a large chart listing all the states, the dates they select delegates, the allegiance of the delegates already elected and the probable disposition of the uncommitted and favorite son delegates. The entry after "Virginia" (a state where Carter was expected to do well, but didn't), for instance, reads, 37 leaning HHH; after New York, 30 HHH; after South Carolina, 13 HHH; after Illinois, 13 HHH, 31 "leaning" HHH. There are also vote totals and projections of how each state will go. Interestingly, the final Carter projection leaves the Georgia governor with less than 1,000 delegates after all the primaries are complete, far more than any of his rivals but well short of the total needed to nominate.

Humphrey is counting on the truth of that chart. Everything hinges on whether or not it comes true. And the irony, an especially bitter one for a man so used to influencing events, is that it is not up to him. The speeches he keeps making, the endorsements he keeps gathering, the polls that keep showing him out in front of Carter and the rest of the field, have little impact so long as Carter is rolling. "Right now," glooms a Humphrey political operator, "it's Jimmy Carter versus no one. He has to beat himself."

Well, not quite. In Wisconsin, Humphrey's supporters successfully kept Carter from demolishing Udall by passing the word that a vote for Udall was as good as a vote for Hubert. In New Jersey, where Humphrey is not even on the ballot, he still has a good chance of winning the primary in the person of a star-studded uncommitted delegation. In California, the quixotic presence of Jerry Brown in the race has probably kept Carter from winning a majority of the delegates. But first comes Pennsylvania. If Carter wins there and follows up his triumph a week later with an expected victory in Indiana, even Humphrey's supporters agree that there probably will be no stopping him. He will go into New York with 1,100 or 1,200 delegates, and all the talk about Humphrey will have been academic. If Carter is to be stopped, it must be in Pennsylvania.

Which, whether he admitted it or not, is what brought Hubert Humphrey to Pittsburgh to meet his friends the union men. He was tired when he got to National Airport in Washington to get on the plane, as any sixty-four-year-old man would be going to work at seven in the morning. The stewardess helped, though. She said that she hoped Humphrey would remember her, since they had flown together before. Of course he did, he said, and, as he always does with pretty stewardesses, or, for that matter, grandmothers and stevedores, he grabbed her arm and gave it a little squeeze. By the time the plane was ready to take off, half a dozen passengers and airline employees had dropped by his seat to chat, to remind him how they had met him in this campaign or after that speech. Humphrey greeted them all effusively, called several by name and, to an onlooker, gave the impression that there were very few people in the country he hadn't met or talked to

at one time or other during the last quarter century. On the way to Pittsburgh, Humphrey went over his speech, using a black felt-tip pen to underline the phrases he wanted to emphasize. There were very few he didn't.

Two union men were waiting at the Pittsburgh airport to drive him into town. It was a long, meandering journey, and everyone in the car assumed that Humphrey would use the time to rest. Instead, he talked, reminiscing about previous journeys to Pennsylvania, telling stories about the Senate, revealing how he had changed since he was a young man in Washington. "Before," he said, "I'd get up and give a helluva speech and get twenty-four votes. Now I do things a little differently." He laughed at himself, and his companions laughed with him. The juices were beginning to flow now; the color was coming to his cheeks. When someone asked how he did it, day after exhausting day, Humphrey said in all seriousness, "It's glands. My doctor tells me I have different glands." Finally, as the car approached the hotel, one of the union men cautiously began to lobby for more money for a local Job Corps program. "Boy, you're right," Humphrey interrupted. "That's the best program of all of them. I was the daddy of the Job Corps, you know. Great thing for young people. You know that crime and youth unemployment, they're just like parallel tracks. And that damn Nixon, he cut it in half." Now, for the first time, there was real anger in his voice. The mention of his old nemesis had set it off. "That damn Nixon," he repeated. "It really pisses me off."

Somehow, it was good to know that Richard Nixon could still piss Hubert Humphrey off, and that he wasn't afraid to say so. Just the phrase—"pisses me off"—made him very real, not the bulbous-headed monster of cartoon caricatures, cocker-spaniel eyes bulging, snapping turtle mouth permanently agape. He was, in that moment, just a human being, no worse and, in fact, a lot better than your favorite uncle. Humphrey has this talent for making people feel that way about him. What he does, quite simply, is make them feel good, not about himself, exactly, but about themselves. He was that way with the union men. He greeted and hugged them; one man even kissed him on the cheek. "Hello boys," he'd say, in a way that coming from any other politician would smack of patronization but coming from Humphrey, a man who had earned the right to be personal, seemed very natural, like one old friend greeting another.

And that is how they got on with each other, like old friends. These were his people, and Humphrey was at home. Nominally, most of the people in the hall were for Jackson, but only because their champion wasn't running. "Poor Scoop," one reporter reflected. "If Humphrey runs, the only person who'll be left in his headquarters is his wife, and she has to be there."

Scoop, of course, is not the problem. It is a man named Jimmy Carter, the carrier of a new and still forming political tradition, one that Hubert Humphrey cannot understand and maybe cannot beat. You can sense him straining, yearning to test it, to have that last, desperate go before the years and events close in on him. As he walked out of the hall in Pittsburgh, the roar of labor still echoing in his ears, you knew that he was going already, that, somehow, he would find a way. "I was here once before," Humphrey said, suddenly remembering another campaign. "And I came out of this hotel one morning, just to get some exercise. To take a walk. And you know what? A parade was going by and, before I knew it, I was marching at the head of that parade, leading it." When Hubert Humphrey says that, you know he's thinking of leading that parade again. ●

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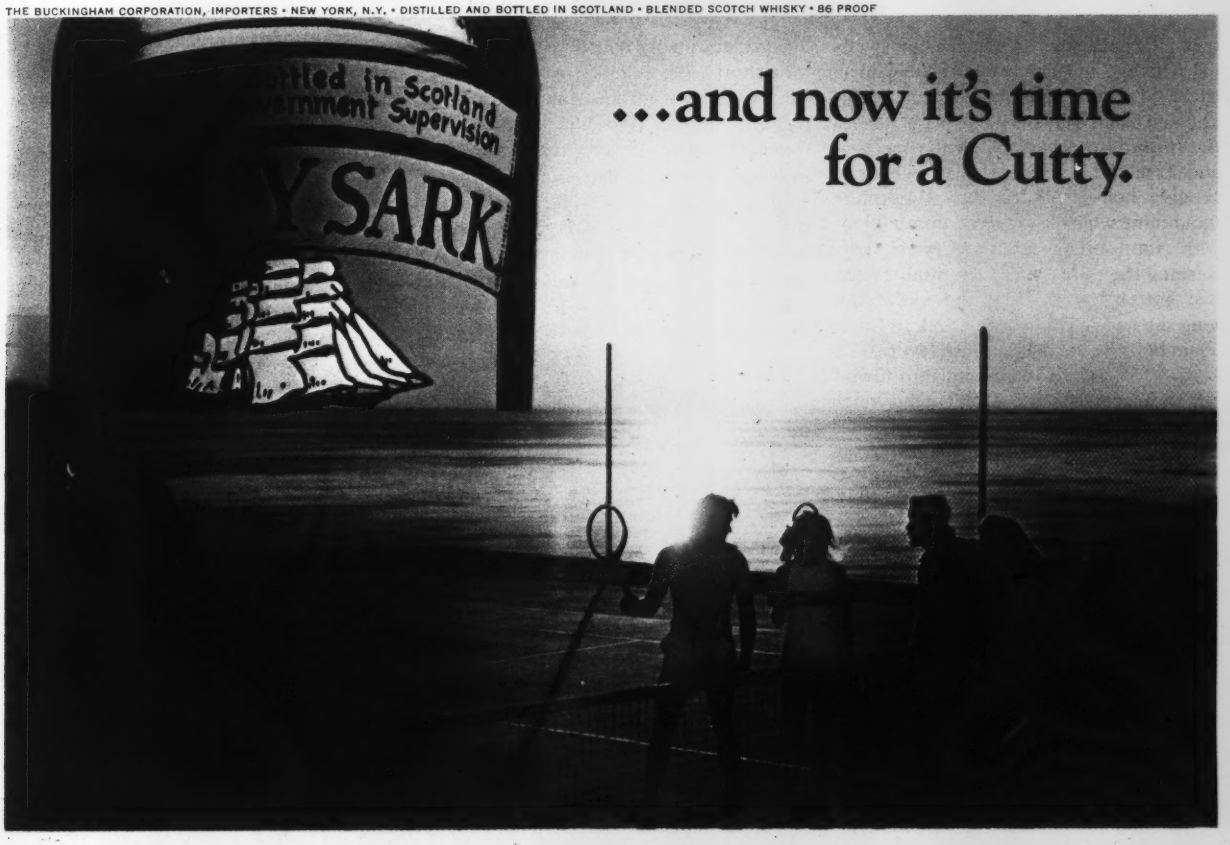

LETTERING BY GERARD HUERTA

The rebellious kids of the sixties—those who abandoned the suburbs to form spiritual communities, organic farms, political collectives—have now progressed to parenthood. And their children are growing up communally, without electricity, nuclear families or the success ethic. Here's how they're faring

By David Black

Commune Children

Crystal was two-and-a-half years old. She had never seen a telephone, electricity or indoor plumbing. When she discovered our toilet, she was delighted with the flushing mechanism. While my wife and I talked to her mother, who had brought her out of the New Hampshire mountains where they lived communally with four other adults, Crystal kept flushing the toilet. After ten minutes, she had gotten the rhythm; she knew how long she had to wait for the tank to fill up again before pushing the flush lever.

"We hardly ever went into town," her mother said. "We didn't need much there. When one of us would go, we'd leave her at home. We wanted to protect her from —," she opened her hand as though she were a magician releasing a small bird, " — you know.

"When I was your age," she told her daughter, "that's what I used instead of an outhouse."

Crystal looked at her mother in puzzlement. The toilet was making a high-pitched singing at the end of its flush cycle. She pointed to the flush lever and challenged her mother.

"You do it," she said.

Seven years ago, my wife and I lived communally with five other adults for a short time. Our days were ritualized. We worked in a garden that was too large for our needs. (We had planted 125 tomato seedlings; by the end of the summer the rotting tomatoes filled the air with their sweet acid smell, and walking through the garden was like walking through a swamp of spaghetti sauce.) After dinner, we played volleyball. After volleyball, we sat around our Ashley stove, sipping warm cider and herb teas, talking about why we were living together. The one thing we always agreed on was that living communally was the best way to raise children.

Communal life would free parents since child-rearing chores would be divided among many adults. Children would flourish under the loving attention of an extended family. Susan would show them how to weave. Claire would teach them organic gardening. Phil would help them build chairs, bookcases, tables. Carl would explain how to tune a car. Instead of having two models of adult behavior to emulate, they would have many models. We had subversive plans; we dreamed of short-circuiting the traditional Judeo-Christian relay race—each generation passing its identity down to the next. The sins of the fathers would not be visited on their children. Or, in our modern version of that harsh legacy: the neuroses of the parents would not be inherited by their kids. If we could change our children, we could change society.

After our communal experiment ended, I continued to follow kids who were growing up in non-traditional group situations. The word *commune*, having been seized by the media, fell into disrepute. People sharing houses insisted they lived in collectives, communities or New Age families. Collectives disbanded and reorganized. Partners changed. Houses were passed down like heirlooms from one New Age family to another. Children who had come to group living when they were kindergartners approached their teens; children who had been born in communities were already five, six, seven years old.

Had they been transformed by our sixties dream? Were they less aggressive, less competitive, less selfish, more loving than we had been? When these communities first flourished in the last decade, one of the explanations for their rise was that the communitarians were the

PHOTOGRAPH BY RICK SHOLAN/CONTACT

PHOTOGRAPH BY ALEX SMOLAN/CONTACT

PHOTOGRAPH BY RICK SMOLAN, CONTACT

product of an electronically connected generation, retribalized by television. Was this second generation of communitarians—a generation in which many, like Crystal, had never experienced the media retribalization that brought their parents together—able to understand their parents' utopian schemes? Or were they growing up as deprived hill folk, the L'il Abners and Daisy Maes of the 1980s?

"When you talk about the experience of kids on communes, you're not describing a monolithic phenomenon," said Dr. William F. Erickson, professor of sociology at the University of Missouri in St. Louis. "There are two distinct kinds of communes, and the experience of a child in one might be radically different from the experience of a child in the other. The first type of commune is oriented toward the survival of the organization, toward the continuity of the commune as a social structure."

A political collective, a religious community, any commune that crystallized around a particular dogma may feel that the commune exists to realize certain ideals and that the members' function is to help the commune on its Messianic way. Children growing up in such an atmosphere may see themselves as special, different from outsiders. Their identities will be fed by the commune's evangelical mission. If they go to public schools, they might have trouble adjusting.

"The second type of commune is oriented more toward the growth of the individual," said Erickson. "Children will be socialized more toward developing interpersonal skills, learning how to get along with people, how to get along with themselves."

Back-to-the-land communities, extended families developed out of deep friendships and communes devoted to non-traditional American goals of self-reliance and self-realization can offer children an environment that nurtures independence.

All group living situations are, of course, a mixture of these idealized models; but the models mark the boundaries of the American experience. Children who grow up in the first type of commune are taught to subordinate their needs to the needs of their society. Children who grow up in the second type of commune are taught to satisfy their own needs, negotiating changes in the group when their needs and the group's needs conflict. The corporation executive versus the pioneer.

Communes are not alternatives to the American mainstream; they are intensified versions of the two cultures in America—the collective and the anarchic—which, as long as there was a frontier, coexisted peacefully and which, with the closing of the frontier, have begun competing for the soul of our country.

"After the fish die, they get born again."

"They get born again through a mother fish."

"Or a mother squirrel."

"Or a mother dog."

"After we die we get born again."

"And we see God."

"God lives in our heart."

"He lives in our spirit."

"He lives in our head."

"He lives in our feet."

"He lives in our belly."

"In our—*belly button!*"

"In sheep."

A free-lance writer living in New York, David Black's last piece for NEW TIMES *was about changing identity—how to disappear in America.*

"In trees."
"In rocks."
"In water."
"In the sound."
"The sound *Om*."
"Om."
"Ommm. . . ."

The older children—Star, Anar, Kristar, Joshua, Gretchen and Cary, all between five and six—started chanting. Their faces became clear, their expressions expectant: shining eyes and tentative smiles—the suspenseful look of a child who knows you're sneaking up behind him and ready to pounce in play.

The two three-year-olds—Josie and Persia—stopped patting at the cut-out letters they had spread between them. Persia closed her eyes. Josie's mouth puckered into a hesitant *Om*, but no sound came.

It was nine in the morning. They had finished their half-hour free play. It was time for *sat-sang*. They lit the candle on the altar next to the door, an offering to the gurus whose pictures were in and above the altar: Yogananda; Sri Yukteswar, Yogananda's guru; Leheri Mahasaya, Sri Yukteswar's guru; Baba Ji, the avatar who exists in all time and space and who made himself known to Leheri Mahasaya; Christ; Sai Baba and Krishna.

"We light the candle to remind us of the light inside us," said Ahimsa, the pre-school teacher.

She reached for the flame and then touched her forehead just above the bridge of her nose. The children copied her.

"That's to remind you to try to see the light of your third eye," Ahimsa said. "The light doesn't come from the candle and go into your head. It's already inside your head."

As she lit the cone of incense on the altar, she said, "The incense is the offering of our gifts back to the gurus and gods. It guarantees they will return; it shows we are conscious of their source."

She rang the small brass bell. It rattled like pebbles tossed against the window of the soul.

"That's to awaken our spirit."

Star, who has straight blond hair and sad eyes, sang in a whispery voice, "This little light of mine; I'm going to let it shine." She stopped, glancing up as though the silence of the other children had sounded as loud to her as the rap of a ruler on a desk.

Ahimsa nodded like a metronome.

"This — ," she started, making a gathering gesture with her hand, "— this little light. . . ."

Star looked around at the others. One by one, like poker players tossing chips into the pot, they took up the song.

This little light of mine.
I'm going to let it shine.
This little light of mine.
I'm going to let it shine.
Let it shine.
Let it shine.
Let it shine.

The pre-school was, according to the hand-painted sign over the building's door, Ananda's Garden of Children. Across the muddy dirt road was the center of the community, a general store where Ananda sold the produce it grew in the fields behind the store to the people of the Ridge, the foothill community of the Sierra Nevada Mountains near Nevada City, California.

In 1967, Swami Kriyananda (Yogananda's disciple from 1948 to 1952, when Yogananda died) joined with some friends and followers, most of whom came from the San Francisco Bay Area, to buy 67 acres on the Ridge. During the first summer, forty people lived on the land, building dwellings and farming, shifting through the necessary emotional minuet of changing relationships that marks the beginning of any close community.

Factions developed. Commune versus community. Extended family versus spiritual village. Drugs versus abstinence. Open versus traditional sexuality.

Members left. New members arrived.

By June 1969, over a conflict of land use, the poets Gary Snyder and Allen Ginsberg and their friend Dick Baker—three of the founding members of the Bald Mountain Association, the group that had bought the land—had dissociated themselves from Kriyananda's community. Kriyananda and fourteen followers bought the 240 acres that is now Ananda, reserving part of the original 67 acres as a retreat.

These 240 acres slope up away from the general store. In the fields, a half-dozen men and women were harvesting crops. The bright sunlight gave them a sharp-edged definition as though they were figures etched on glass. The blow and ringing echo of someone hammering on metal—driving a spike? loosening a car's rusted muffler?—carried across the small valley. A village out of a fairy tale.

From the general store a path wound through a pasture dotted with white and yellow asters, up a hill, to

PHOTOGRAPH BY RICK SMOLAN/CONTACT

Ananda's central office, a chalet made of pecky cedar, a rough rustic-looking blond wood. Two tiny figures sat, their legs dangling over the edge of the balcony. Above them, the roof swept down in two wings, making the building look like a huge mythical bird, a roc, perched on the rise, guarding the village.

In the office was a cartoon of a family at dinner. The father is saying grace:

"Lord, if you exist, and if you're listening, and if you care, and if you have the power, we pray. . . ."

Jyotish, the village manager, thirty-two years old, took me out to the balcony and waved his arm over the valley. As though he had planned it, the shadow of a cloud passed over the land. But he was pointing out the new 326 acres Ananda had recently bought.

"That's where we're going to build our high school," he said. "We have a boarding high school now up at the retreat, but so far it's not for the children of members. None of our children is old enough. The kids who go there come from all over. Their parents send them. They haven't grown up in our community."

He tugged at his sailor's cap, adjusting it over his pony tail.

"We are now ninety-four adults, mostly in the late twenties, and twenty-six children, from infants to . . . I think the oldest is twelve," he said. "Membership for individuals is $1,000; for families, $1,500. That goes mostly to help pay off the mortgage, so we all own the land equally. Every member is taxed $10 per month to support the schools—the pre-school and the elementary school for the children of the community. And parents pay tuition: $25 for the first child; $12.50 for the other children."

He always said *children*, never *kids*.

"The community is run by an elected council of seven members who meet every Monday at 3:00 in the afternoon," he said. "Parents meet with teachers whenever they feel there's a need."

"If parents don't have enough money to pay tuition?" I asked.

"We adjust it according to need," he said.

"Where do members get their money?"

Jyotish was vague.

"They work in the community, around."

He seemed uncomfortable discussing Ananda's economics with an outsider; he wanted to talk spirit. Davie, Jyotish's wife, brought me herb tea mixed with honey. The drink tasted of wild flowers and clover. Sipping it was like swallowing the smell that rises from a summer meadow.

"California has the strictest building codes and the loosest education codes," Davie said. "All you need for a school is a teacher who is capable of teaching. You don't even need a degree. To make schools certified—which we are not—you need a particular curriculum. But any of our children could go on to a state certified high school or a college on the basis of standard test scores."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICK SMOLAN/CONTACT

She sat on the edge of the balcony. I sat beside her. The sun made a warm band along my forehead.

"There's the elementary school." She pointed at an olive-colored building across the valley to our left halfway up another slope. "And there's the pre-school." She pointed to the small white building below us to the right.

In front of the pre-school, on the main dirt road leading into the village, two children, tiny in the distance, scampered playing tag, first in one direction, *tag*, then in the other direction. Each time they touched, very clear, but very far away, like the sound you hear as you

wake from a dream, came their shriek and laughter.

"Josie, what are you doing?" Ahimsa asked.

Josie, arms hanging loose at her sides, was staring at the sink.

"Getting a drink," she said.

"Don't space out on me," Ahimsa said. "I've just begun to go into spontaneous meditative moments," she told me. "I'll be working, and snap—I'll go into a free meditative space for sixty seconds. At first, the children said, 'Oh, Ahimsa's sleeping.' But I'd come out and say, 'No, I wasn't sleeping, I was meditating.' Ever since then some of the kids have begun doing it. As I develop my spiritual *sadna,* they develop their spiritual *sadna* too."

Gretchen was curled up in the corner of the room on cushions.

"Are you tired?" Ahimsa asked her.

Without getting up, Gretchen nodded.

"My mother was up all last night with the light on," she said.

A child of Ananda will immediately sort out his kin from kith, mapping for you the biological geography of the community

"Gretchen's mother meditates ten, twelve hours at a time," Ahimsa explained.

Joshua was playing with the cut-out letters. He formed the word *cat.* Offhandedly, he rummaged through the letters and found an *h,* which he substituted for the *c.* He whispered, "Hat." He looked through the letters again and replaced the *a* with an *o.* Raising his eyebrows, he said, "Hot."

Kristar was listening to a record. She sat with her legs folded and her hands resting on her thighs, as though meditating. On the record a woman's voice said, "This is a sound that's familiar to you." The hum of a small motor. "That's right," said the woman's voice, "Daddy's electric shaver."

"What?" said Kristar.

"They don't have electricity," said Ahimsa. "That's a problem with some of the materials. One of the words in their book will be *telephone.* It's supposed to be a familiar object they can learn the word for. But that's not a common reality for them."

Star's word-ring held cards that said: Teddy Bear, God, Jesus, Cat. Joshua's word-ring held cards that said: Smokey the Bear, Volcano, Popsicles, Cattails, Seagull, Skeleton.

"Read me this book," said Cary.

She sat on the floor beside me. When I opened the book, she ducked her head into the crook of my arm. The book was *The Big Bad Wolf Reincarnate* by Roque Jacintho. It told about how at the end of the story of Red Riding Hood, the hunter sewed stones into the wolf's belly. The wolf fell into a pond and drowned.

"He thought of all the mean things he had done," said Cary.

Once he was dead, his spirit floated up into a bureaucratic limbo, where he met the spirit in charge of wolves, who sent him off to the Institute of Moral Reform. There he met a spirit dressed as a doctor.

"He tells him that he can be good," said Cary.

The story followed the big bad wolf through three lives. He is first reborn as a German shepherd, who rescues the hunter and is killed by a snake. He is then reborn as a mongrel, who is adopted by Little Red Riding Hood's grandmother; saving her from two prowlers, he is killed. Finally, he is reborn as a "fluffy and lively little dog," who is loved by all and who wears a red ribbon around his neck.

Spiritual progression.

"I'd like to be the wolf," said Cary.

She crawled away from me, snapping her teeth and growling.

An unsatisfying tale. No sigh of closure on which a child can drift off into sleep. The wolf does not live happily ever after; he lives ever after and ever after and ever after, one life following another in an endless parade, a vertiginous wheel of birth-death-rebirth that can give anyone, child or adult, nightmares.

It did not, however, seem to disturb Cary, who was baying at Persia.

"The children here are just like children anywhere," said Ahimsa.

Before lunch, Anar led the class in saying grace.

"Close your eyes and concentrate on Anar's prayer," said Ahimsa. "I'm going to ask you to review it for us afterward."

The children in Ananda's Garden may not be different from pre-schoolers elsewhere, because, although the content of their day is extraordinary, the dynamics are the same as in straight society. By turning the prayer into a test, Ahimsa encouraged the striving and competitiveness rioting in the outside world.

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Reaching *samadhi* is becoming president. Me first.

"Dear God," said Anar.

"Dear God," the others repeated.

"Thank you for the morning."

"Thank you for the morning."

"Thank you for the hard work."

"Thank you for the hard work."

"Be with us at lunch time."

"Be with us at lunch time."

"And in our food."

"And in our food."

"Om."

"Om."

"Shanti."

"Shanti."

"Amen."

"Amen."

"I saw my God light," Joshua shouted out.

"So did I," said Gretchen.

"Mine went *wha wha wha wha*," said Cary.

"Mine was shining love," said Gretchen.

"Mine was that big," said Kristar.

"Mine was *that* big," said Joshua, throwing his arms wider than Kristar's.

"Mine," said Anar, "was shining all over my body."

"If you grow up here all the time when you're little and then you go into the outside world, it blows your mind," said Jeff.

Jeff was twelve years old. Six years ago he lived in Ananda with his mother and father. Dissatisfied, the family left the community and moved near Santa Cruz. After his parents separated, Judy, his mother, drifted back to the Ridge area. In May 1975, she returned to Ananda. Three months later, Jeff, who had spent the last two years with his father, joined her.

"Kristar and Josie are my sisters," Jeff said.

A child of Ananda will, in the first moments of introduction, sort out his kin from the kith, mapping for you the biological geography of the community. Geometers of emotion, they neatly, quickly draw the lines: child A to child B to child C to parent D.

"Kristar and Josie," Jeff said.

He could not continue the conversation until he knew I had made the relationship in my mind. His sense of presence, of reality, depended on that. He gathered the ghost of his family before me with the eagerness a child in a traditional suburban home might play at being an orphan.

Jeff, Kristar, Josie and their mother, Judy, lived in a trailer that was secluded in a dingle, about a mile of winding roads away from the community's center. Winter squash, apples and pumpkins lay on a rickety table outside the trailer's door. A small wooden porch had been built against the trailer's side. Beside it was a raspberry bush with dried fruit and little white caps where the berries had been plucked. The oblique later afternoon sun cast long carnival-mirror distorted shadows on the meadow behind the trailer. The crickets' chirring sounded like the electric shaver's hum on the pre-school record. It was one of the few country places I've been where there was no low background noise of cars on a highway or airplanes.

Inside the trailer, Judy sat on a couch against a purple bolster. The sunlight slanting through the window hit the left side of her face, making her left eye squint, but she did not shift her position. On the bureau was a photograph of her parents: a middle-aged couple standing comfortably on a suburban lawn in the fall; the grass was covered with yellow and orange leaves.

"If you grow up here," said a 12-year-old, "and then go into the outside world, it blows your mind"

"The kids and I have lived in really isolated situations off in the mountains, no intentional community nearby," she said. "That was very, very difficult. Just to keep going, trying to take care of all the children's needs. I have another son, Eric, eight, who's with his father in Santa Cruz now.

"It's especially hard with the boys. I couldn't handle Jeff. He was too wild. He wouldn't listen to me at all. This is the first time he's been able to be with me. It's different from when we were living so isolated. Having so many adults to relate to, it's not as hard on me. There are men around for him to learn from."

She talked slowly and deliberately, the way people who go for days without speaking do, as though she first had to formulate her answers and then translate them into English.

"I've been dumbfounded with the change since July. In three months, he's changed from being a competitive, defensive bully to. . . . He's almost totally lost his defensive structure. He's still aggressive, but there isn't that edge. He wants to stay here; he wants it to work.

"When we were having trouble the other day, he was able to stand back. He said, 'Oh, I can see we're playing this game where I'm the twelve-year-old and you're the mother. But if we're ever going to be able to live together happily, we're going to have to live together as human beings.' "

Jeff was wrong. They *were* a twelve-year-old and a mother. The game they were playing was that, despite the age difference and the filial relationship, they were almost peers. The expectations kids like Jeff had to live up to, the demand that they be responsible little adults at twelve and younger, violated their childhoods as brutally as did the push in traditional families to start prepping their kids for the Ivy League in first and second grades. And, at Ananda, the game did not even work.

"They don't care about kids here," said Jeff.

He sat stiffly in his chair in the elementary school, formalized by anger.

"Sure, if you want to work, help plant or harvest, that's fine," said Gita, a beautiful girl, twelve years old. Her dark hair was tied up in a red babushka. "If you want to play, forget it."

"There's no place to play," said Jeff.

He had touched a nerve. Gita, Dwayne, Johnny, Lisa, Phoenix, Melissa and Josh, kids between nine and twelve, all started shouting at once.

"You make any noise," said Dwayne, "they tell you to shut up."

"They've got a retreat," said Gita. "They can be quiet up there. Why can't we have a place where we can be noisy?"

"We have a neat dirt clod fight," said Johnny, "and . . . and. . . ."

"Yeah," said Jeff, "all of a sudden all the mothers get paranoid. They scream, 'Gangs! Gangs!' They think we're going to get some .22 rifles and shoot all the old ladies and take over the community."

"No records," said Gita, "no television."

"I'd like to know what's going on in the outside world," said Jeff, "but we don't get much opportunity. I'd like to know about the war in Vietnam and stuff. . . ."

"The war in Vietnam is over," I said.

"Oh," said Jeff.

"No matter what we do, they tell us to stop," said Johnny. "No this, no

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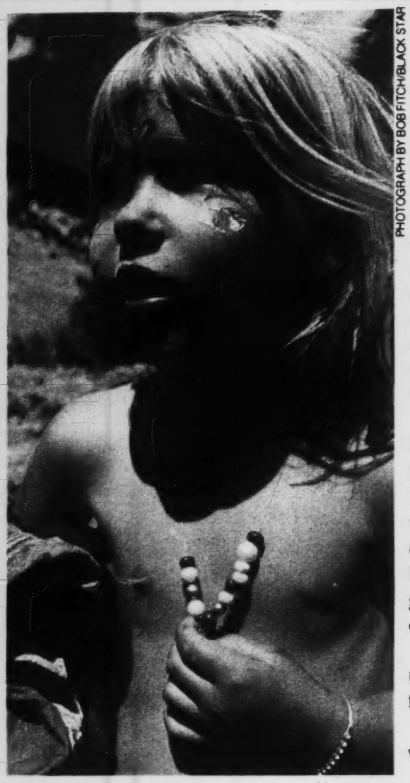

PHOTOGRAPH BY BOB FITCH/BLACK STAR

that. . . ."

"Yeah," said Dwayne, "and no dogs."

"You can't have any dogs at Ananda," said Phoenix.

"Some dogs killed a deer once," Gita explained. "Now there's no dogs."

"It's supposed to be a real spiritual place," said Jeff. "And dogs make a lot of noise and leave messes behind them."

"Same as kids," said Dwayne.

In a community devoted to spiritual development, the children, who are not as spiritually developed, will count less than the adults, who are more enlightened. Children are expected to strive toward a more developed consciousness, to emulate adults; but the adults do, after all, have a head start.

"We're more equivalent to animals than human beings," said Jeff.

Nitai, the elementary school teacher, laughed.

"He's got a point there," he said.

"Some of the adults care," said Jeff, amending the Dickensian picture they were sketching of the community. "Nitai cares."

"Nitai cares," the others shouted.

"But most of the adults want us to be *so* —," Gita puckered her mouth and kissed the word into the air, "— good all the time."

"What's considered normal in the city," said Dwayne, "is here. . . ."

"Wow," said Johnny. "It's terrible."

"You'd be an angel in the city," said Jeff, "but here you'd be a flop. They figure, if you're talking about the facts of life, you're a sex fiend and you should be expelled from the community."

"No secrets," shouted Phoenix.

Triple play: a glance flicked from Johnny to Gita to Jeff.

"No privacy," said Gita. "When I grow up, I'm going to buy some land and go off and live there alone."

The complaints of the kids bound them together in a community within the community. An infrastructure. They were in ways closer to one another than they were to their parents. The feeling of shared experience that urged their parents to form Ananda was resurfacing more intensely among their children. When Johnny had run away from home the week before, the kids conspired to hide him.

Their intimacy manifested itself in the rough cooperation with which they cleaned up the classroom and the extraordinary harmony with which they played. Once they started Red Rover outside, the older kids kept the game going by making sure no one felt left out or incapable of playing. Enlightened self-interest. Since these were the only kids to play with, you had to make playing fun for everybody.

Their contact with kids outside the community was minimal. Gita occasionally saw non-Anandans; but, as Jeff said, "They hear you're from Ananda and they go, 'A religious community? Goodbye.' " They were dependent upon adults for rides into town. So, usually, they hung around the school, playing, or wandered down to the warehouse from which Ananda shipped out its commercial incense, oils and macramé, working there until dark. Then they drifted home along the rutted hard-packed dirt roads up into the wooded hills of the village.

Driving through that maze was like traveling through Grimm's Black Forest. The twilight sky was deep blue. The bushes along the roadside sprang up very green in the headlamps' light. Suddenly, under a low-hanging tree, half-hidden among the foliage, was the yellow glow of a kerosene lantern in the window of a small hut.

I stopped when I saw Jeff trudging up the road. He came over and leaned his forehead against the top of the car door.

"You know," he said, "what we were talking about earlier. Drugs and sex

PHOTOGRAPH BY RICK SMOLAN/CONTACT

PHOTOGRAPH BY DAN BLONIK/WOODFIN CAMP

PHOTOGRAPH BY ERIC KROLL

and stuff. How sheltered we are. Not like when you're growing up in a city."

"Yeah." I said. I could only see the lower half of his face.

"Well," he sighed. He reached up and put his hand near his forehead at the top of the door. "It's just that they've been through all that stuff, you know, and they want to protect us."

"You have to be careful," said Sequoia. "Once we saw a rattlesnake near the duck pond."

Sequoia—everyone called her Quoysters—led me along the side of the barn through a field where the soft earth had frozen into a washboard pattern of hard ribs. She was five years old and had lived all her life at Chestnut Hill, a communal farm in the hills outside of Montague in north central Massachusetts.

Eight adults, mostly in their late twenties, and two children, Eben, the other child, was half a year younger than Quoysters. He was with his mother, Nina, at a cooperative day-care center in Greenfield, a half-hour drive from the farm. Quoysters was home from the public school in Montague she attended. Her mother, Janis, had been cutting beets in the kitchen of the sprawling farmhouse when we had gone out to explore the duck pond.

"See," said Quoysters, "that duck pond has a hole in it. It goes down here," she squatted and then looked up at me, interrupting her explanation until I squatted beside her, "goes down here under the rocks and into the pigpen. Except we don't have pigs anymore."

A duck waddled out from behind the barn, ruffling its wings and stretching up its neck. It kept opening and closing its beak, its wattles vibrating, making a sound like a strangled dog trying to growl in an echo chamber.

"Part of the reason we've avoided that whole authority-rebellion-fear-anger trip is the adults can't arbitrarily impose unreasonable demands on the kids"

"Don't fall," she said.

She took my hand, helping *me* to keep my balance. She was used to the farm; I wasn't. A child of sweet reason with a lovely Renaissance face: the high forehead and heavy-lidded eyes of a Botticelli or a Fra Angelico. She led me into the browned frost-scarred early-November garden.

"I don't know if there's any left." She searched and found a small yellow tomato, which she plucked and gave me.

Within an hour after I had arrived, she had taken charge of me with the unself-conscious hospitality of someone comfortable with strangers. She snapped off a leaf.

"This is celery," she said.

She tried it and offered me a piece to sample.

"This is—let's see."

She rabbit-bit, her lips drawn back and her teeth mincing the sprout.

"Long onion," she decided.

She passed it to me. I nipped off the tip.

"Strong," I said.

"This," she said, chewing, "is celery too."

We wandered through the garden, picking and nibbling. She Eve to my Adam. If she had handed me fruit of the tree of knowledge, I would have taken a taste.

"Try this stuff," she said, pointing to a feathery stalk.

I did.

"It tastes like licorice," I said.

"Awful," she said.

I have never met a child as quickly trusting and open as Quoysters. She was a delicate sea creature that dilated at a touch. Adults in her world were evidently

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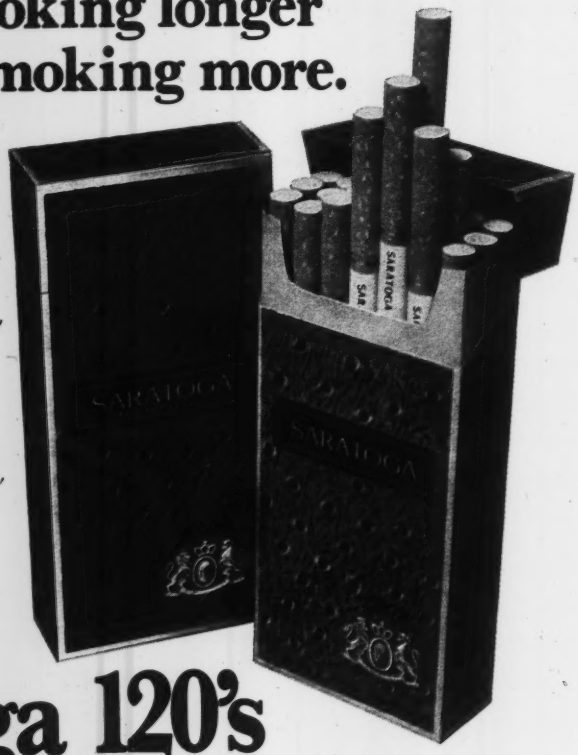

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people to wonder with.

"They're not into that whole authority thing with adults," said Janis. "They regard adults as their friends."

Janis was heating tea water on the old wood-burning stove in the middle of the kitchen. Hanging from the ceiling was a basket of egg shells for composting. The shelves were filled with jars and jugs of soya powder, tahini, rice, split peas, navy beans, oatmeal, teas. . . . On the counter by the sink was a basket of shallots, burdock root in a colander and dandelion root to be roasted and ground as a coffee substitute. Dangling above the sink was a damp cheesecloth of homemade cottage cheese. Cooties, one of the cats, was curled up behind the stove around a 5-gallon tin of honey.

Tony, who had come in from cutting wood, was singing, "You're the cream in my coffee, you're the sugar in my tea" to Quoysters, who was slapping his outstretched palms in time to the music.

"I think part of the reason we've avoided that whole authority-rebellion-fear-anger trip," said Janis, "is the adults can't arbitrarily impose unreasonable demands on the kids."

"There are always other adults around to say, 'You can't do that; think about what you're doing,' " said Tony.

"And, if adults are reasonable," said Janis, "kids tend to be reasonable."

"That doesn't mean we don't discipline them," said Tony. "It just means there isn't that you-have-to-do-what-I-say-simply-because-I'm-bigger thing."

"If you start getting down on them just because you're bugged by something else," said Janis, "or getting down on them too hard, way out of proportion, for some insignificant thing they did, they can tell. And they don't let you get away with it."

"Like last night, Eben yanked at a plant," said Tony. "I said, 'Eben, don't yank at the plant.' He said, 'I didn't yank at a plant.' I got really pissed off. I said, 'What are you lying to me for. I'm going to have to spank you.' He said, 'Go ahead and spank me.' So I spanked him. I spanked him really hard. He just stood there. He refused to start crying. He started laughing at me. He knew I was being unreasonable and foolish."

"And . . . and he said, 'Tony, keep spanking me,' " said Quoysters.

"And then Sequoia had me spank her too," said Tony. "They both chased me around the house bending over with their fannies up in the air."

Valerie stamped into the kitchen shivering, her cheeks red from the cold breeze outside. She held the kitchen door open for her children, Gitane, six, and Sarah, five. The three of them lived up the road in a cabin. Before coming to Montague, they had spent three years in the wilderness near the border of Washington State and Canada.

Sarah sat in the rocking chair and asked me to pull off her boots. I did.

"What are you?" she asked me. "Are you a plain person?"

"What do you mean?" I said.

"Are you someone who doesn't go to work?"

"One of the things we had to deal with," said Tony, "is when they learn stuff, for example, from their cousins."

"Eben learned about guns from his cousin," said Janis.

"So now he has this stick which is his gun," said Tony, "and he wanted a shoulder strap for it."

"We talked to him," said Janis, "and let him know what we feel. But you just have to let him go through that stage. If you forbid it, it becomes a whole big thing."

"I have fears that when Jimmy grows up," said his mother, "either he's not going to be able to relate to people in depth because people were always moving on, or, he'll cling to one person"

"And he had a little plastic gun," said Quoysters. "But he lost it."

"Yeah," said Tony. "What do you think about guns?"

"I don't like them," said Quoysters. "They kill people. Except," she added logically, "his was a plastic gun. That couldn't kill people. It was plastic."

"As they're getting older," said Tony, "they're learning more about what goes on everywhere. . . ."

"Somebody up the hill mentioned Saturday morning cartoons last week," said Janis, "and Quoysters asked if she could go and spend Saturday morning watching them."

"I don't like to watch it," said Quoysters, " 'cause it's all the same."

Gitane and Quoysters drifted into a corner of the room, near the nails where all the coats were hanging, and had a conference. Giggles, whispers.

"We're going to play Santa Claus," said Quoysters..

"How do you play Santa Claus?" I asked.

"Gitane is Santa Claus," Quoysters explained. "And the kids are asleep, and Santa Claus comes down the chimney."

Quoysters didn't need Mattel or Parker Brothers to shape her afternoon. All her games were spontaneous inventions; she used for props whatever was handy, transforming tools into toys through imagination and whimsy.

One of the members from the Ashram up the road, dressed in an L.L. Bean jacket and a white turban, stopped in to pick up their supply of milk, 2 gallons, from the commune. Janis explained that their first cow, Dolly, had shaped their life.

"We started out as a political adventure," she said, "but within a year or so living in the country seeped in. We became an organic farm. That was our shared goal. Things like milking the cow became very important. . . ."

"And things like milking the cow," said Tony, "take up a lot of time."

"We've never had any rules," Janis said. "That's one thing we've always been proud of. Most communes, you walk in and there's this work list on the wall. We've always just done what had to be done together. The same thing with money. We never said," she deepened her voice and comically furrowed her brow, " 'You have to contribute $25 each week.' "

"Everyone contributes what they can," said Tony.

"And it's worked for seven years," said Janis. She turned to Quoysters, "How come you didn't feed the chickens?"

"Ohhh," said Quoysters absently. She was cutting a slice of corn bread.

"They were squawking and saying we're hungry," said Janis.

A gentle reminder that Quoysters had not done a chore she had promised to do. A mild response appropriate to the situation. Doing or not doing the chore was not transformed into a contest of wills between mother and daughter or into a sullen demand for attention. With all the caring adults and children around, neither Quoysters nor Janis could feel deprived of affection. They didn't have to bait each other for love. It was not a polite act they were performing for me. They were too casual and comfortable in their responses.

"When we first came to the farm," said Janis, "we were refugees from

America. Most of us were pretty blown out. We were outlaws. At first, the community around here didn't accept us. They thought we'd be going pretty soon. But over the years we've grown as people. We've become a family."

Quoysters and Eben recognize the special relationship they have with their biological parents, but they were bound to the other adults by something almost as strong as blood: a shared emotional center to their lives; they were the circumference of a circle the heart of which lay in the kitchen we were sitting in. The spacious, homey country kitchen served the commune the way it had, a century ago, served the extended family of farmfolk.

"Sequoia's father died two months before she was born," said Janis. "Sam's her adopted father. But she makes a distinction. She calls me *Mommy*, but she never calls Sam *Daddy*."

"I call him Sam," said Quoysters. "His name is Sam."

"The relationship between Sequoia and Eben is like brother and sister," said Janis. "The only conflict is with grandparents. His grandparents come often and take him on trips. Sequoia feels left out. I think they understand all the relationships though. Grandparents, biological parents. . . . They observe what's happening. Sometimes they ask questions; sometimes not."

"Chuck and Nina broke up," said Tony. "Now she's living with Dan."

"Eben asked why Chuck wasn't in the bedroom and Dan was," said Janis. "But it's not a problem. They understand it in terms of love; who you want to be with. He's close to Dan. He's close to Chuck."

He was not a child of a broken home. Both Chuck and Daniel lived at the farm before the change in relationships; they both lived there after the change.

"They just do what we all do," she said, "try to see everything that happens as part of . . . the natural things that happen in life." She turned to Quoysters. "Where do babies come from?"

"The tummy," Quoysters said, suddenly coy.

"How do they get there?"

"I don't know."

"Sure you do. What happens? How do you get babies?"

"Get married."

"Get married?" Janis made a puzzled face at me. "Then what happens?"

After a long pause, Quoysters finessed the subject.

"Go to the doctor," she said.

"But what do you have to do to get pregnant?" Janis asked.

"I don't want to say a silly word," she said. After a pause, she added defiantly, "I know how they get babies anyway."

"How?" Janis asked. "Tell me."

"No," she said, looking up at me from under her eyebrows, "he'll laugh."

"I won't laugh," I promised.

"Why are you embarrassed to say it?" Janis asked her.

Quoysters hid her head in her arms on the table and said, very quickly, "The man puts his pecker in the lady."

Then she jumped up and dashed out the door.

"This is new," said Janis. "You can't help what they pick up from friends at school. But you can't worry about it either. She's a pretty solid kid. And there is that world out there."

"The other kids in Sequoia's class just accept her, accept her living situation," said Mrs. Hassett, Sequoia's teacher at the Montague Public School. "They think it's a fun place. When they go to visit her, there's always something going on, always somebody to take care of them. When Sequoia goes home, she's never worried about it. I know other kids who come from the all-American average home with the mother off playing cards, and the child doesn't want to go home, is afraid to go home because the mother might not be there. Sequoia is perfectly comfortable and secure with whomever happens to be around when she gets home.

"She's a beautiful child. She's very intelligent. She's very sensitive to the other kids' problems. There was a little girl in the class who was very defensive and who had a stinky attitude. Sequoia asked me, 'Is this the way she is all the time?' I said, 'Yes. I don't know what to do about it.' She said, 'I don't either.' We're able to talk," she laughed, tickled by the ghost of a feminist impulse, "man to man.

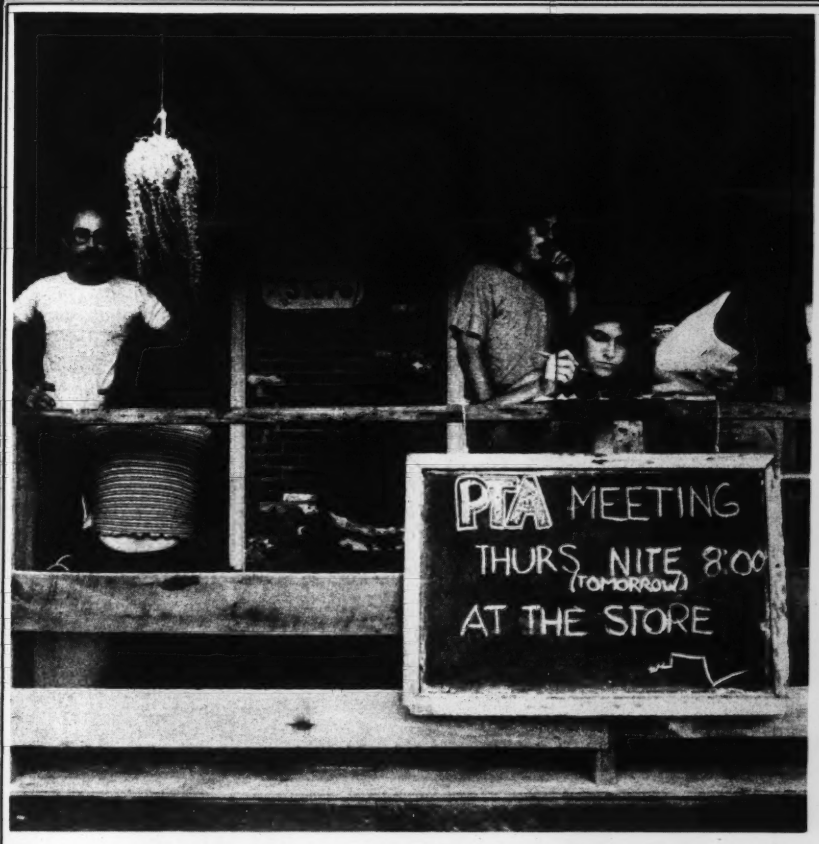
"We have a lot of communes in Montague. When we talk about families, we don't just talk about what used to be the average family. That's really not fair.

Father knows best

"Before my son Miles came to live with me in New York," Michael Ireland said, "he was the only male in the feminist collective my wife and daughter were living in." Miles is now six-and-a-half years old, and he has spent most of his life in a collective in Washington, D.C., with his mother, his sister and four to five other adults. "He, of course, was influenced by the ideas, the ideals of that group. Even before the collective had become strictly a feminist house, when I was still living there, when there were a number of men still living there, the group was very feminist-oriented. We were concerned with breaking down the whole traditional sex role thing. We tried hard to make my daughter aggressive, strong, and to make my son get more in touch with the qualities our society usually considers to be feminine.

"But I wonder if it didn't backfire in a way. Or not backfire, but—I wonder how adequately we were preparing them to cope with the whole world outside the collective. For example, the last time I was down in Washington visiting the collective, my daughter was crying. Nobody played with her at lunch time at the school she goes to. She's too bossy. Too aggressive. And Miles (when he was still living at the collective) would come home with stories about being beaten up all the time. He had become very unaggressive, very passive. At show-and-tell, he'd get up and just stand there. I worried about his demand for attention by letting people pick on him. So I decided to reassert the male thing. That's what gets respect. I'd pick him up at school, dressed sharp, being as big and impressive as I could be. I started talking to him about me as a kid, getting my ass kicked. I tried being a traditional father. Not straining, letting it come out. And buying him what he wanted: toy soldiers. And for Christmas, I bought my daughter a doll. Its hair grew or something.

"After Christmas, one of the women in the collective challenged me. 'Why'd you get her a doll?' I said, 'Because she asked for it.' The women in the collective were giving me a hard time about it. Finally I said, 'Look, it's not a bad thing to like babies, to care for them.' Originally I was very pro-feminist because I thought it would be a good influence on both kids—not because it would bring out the worst traits of women in men and the worst traits of men in women."—DB



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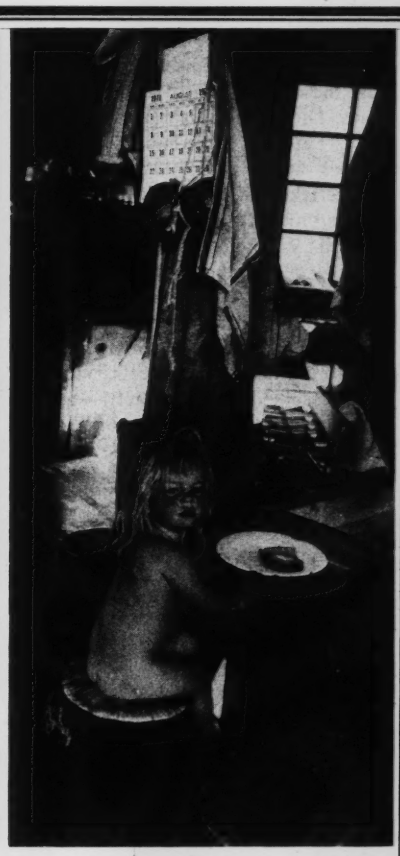

PHOTOGRAPH BY HENRI CARTIER BRESSON/MAGNUM PHOTOS

After all, with the rate of divorce, there aren't that many average middle-class families left."

I woke early, made a trip to the outhouse and back, a cat rustling in the dry leaves beside me on the path. The sky was the color of sulfur. There was a crust of ice on a puddle by the door. In the kitchen, Eben was sitting at the table, choo-chooing a coffee cup from one edge to another.

"What are you playing?" I asked him.

"New York," he said.

"How do you play New York?"

"Bring the man to New York in the boat."

Quoysters was studying her square of corn bread as it crackled on top of the stove.

"You going home?" she asked me.

"Yes," I said.

She touched the corn bread to see if it was warm yet.

"I like it when people stay," she said. "I like it when lots and lots and lots of people are here."

She flipped her corn bread onto a dish and said, "It's more interesting."

Ananda and Chestnut Hill—the collective and the anarchic—frame the discussion of what is happening to kids growing up in intentional communities. But at the center of the discussion, like a piece of grit in a mouthful of Jell-O, is the question: how will these kids turn out?

The question grates against the guilt of every traditional parent, for, if these children become prodigies of virtue, then every parent who raised his child in the privacy of a nuclear family must feel he has failed. The answer cannot be found in analyzing the practical advantages or balancing the obvious pleasures and pratfalls of raising children in a group. These are only the by-products of the experience.

"The dynamics behind moving to a commune were the same as those behind moving to a small planned suburban tract-house community," says a UC sociology professor

"At the beginning, we tried to break down the idea that there was a difference between the biological parent and the other adults in our collective," said Pat Loy, who lives with his two children and five adults in a political collective in Washington, D.C. "We had a lot of utopian ideas. When they would want something or need something, I would encourage them to go to the others. It's easier for a man living in a group situation to do that than a woman. Men aren't socialized to feel they've got to take care of all the kids' needs. Women are. It's easier for a man to give up responsibility. If a woman does, she's got to fight that fear she's not being a *good mother.*

"So the kids learned to go to the other adults when they had a problem. But it turned out that wasn't the crucial thing. There's something else, something it's hard to put your finger on, that's more important than figuring out child-care schedules, making sure everyone can and does take care of the kids. It's not just giving them good models—which is important, though. It has to do with something that happens to you and to them when you're relating."

Like alchemists who seek to transform something in themselves—their leaden spirit into psychic gold—by manipulating the external paraphernalia (the retorts and mortars) of their craft,

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"How?" Janis asked. "Tell me."

"No," she said, looking up at me from under her eyebrows, "he'll laugh."

"I won't laugh," I promised.

"Why are you embarrassed to say it?" Janis asked her.

Quoysters hid her head in her arms on the table and said, very quickly, "The man puts his pecker in the lady."

Then she jumped up and dashed out the door.

"This is new," said Janis. "You can't help what they pick up from friends at school. But you can't worry about it either. She's a pretty solid kid. And there is that world out there."

"The other kids in Sequoia's class just accept her, accept her living situation," said Mrs. Hassett, Sequoia's teacher at the Montague Public School. "They think it's a fun place. When they go to visit her, there's always something going on, always somebody to take care of them. When Sequoia goes home, she's never worried about it. I know other kids who come from the all-American average home with the mother off playing cards, and the child doesn't want to go home, is afraid to go home because the mother might not be there. Sequoia is perfectly comfortable and secure with whomever happens to be around when she gets home.

"She's a beautiful child. She's very intelligent. She's very sensitive to the other kids' problems. There was a little girl in the class who was very defensive and who had a stinky attitude. Sequoia asked me, 'Is this the way she is all the time?' I said, 'Yes. I don't know what to do about it.' She said, 'I don't either.' We're able to talk," she laughed, tickled by the ghost of a feminist impulse, "man to man.

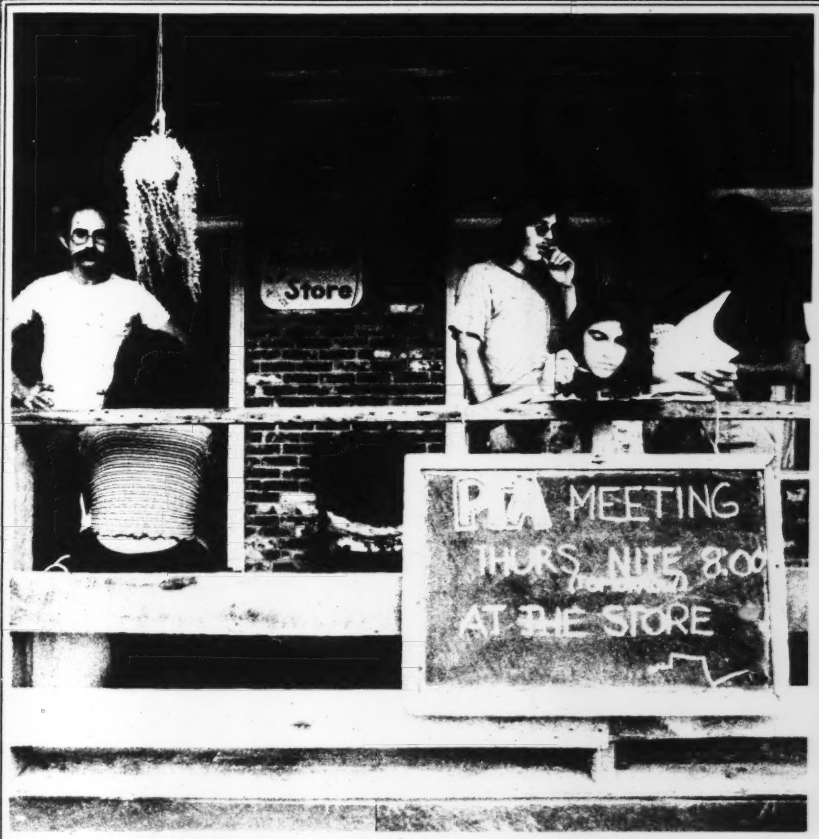
"We have a lot of communes in Montague. When we talk about families, we don't just talk about what used to be the average family. That's really not fair.

Father knows best

"Before my son Miles came to live with me in New York," Michael Ireland said, "he was the only male in the feminist collective my wife and daughter were living in." Miles is now six-and-a-half years old, and he has spent most of his life in a collective in Washington, D.C., with his mother, his sister and four to five other adults. "He, of course, was influenced by the ideas, the ideals of that group. Even before the collective had become strictly a feminist house, when I was still living there, when there were a number of men still living there, the group was very feminist-oriented. We were concerned with breaking down the whole traditional sex role thing. We tried hard to make my daughter aggressive, strong, and to make my son get more in touch with the qualities our society usually considers to be feminine.

"But I wonder if it didn't backfire in a way. Or not backfire, but—I wonder how adequately we were preparing them to cope with the whole world outside the collective. For example, the last time I was down in Washington visiting the collective, my daughter was crying. Nobody played with her at lunch time at the school she goes to. She's too bossy. Too aggressive. And Miles (when he was still living at the collective) would come home with stories about being beaten up all the time. He had become very unaggressive, very passive. At show-and-tell, he'd get up and just stand there. I worried about his demand for attention by letting people pick on him. So I decided to reassert the male thing. That's what gets respect. I'd pick him up at school, dressed sharp, being as big and impressive as I could be. I started talking to him about me as a kid, getting my ass kicked. I tried being a traditional father. Not straining, letting it come out. And buying him what he wanted: toy soldiers. And for Christmas, I bought my daughter a doll. Its hair grew or something.

"After Christmas, one of the women in the collective challenged me, 'Why'd you get her a doll?' I said, 'Because she asked for it.' The women in the collective were giving me a hard time about it. Finally I said, 'Look, it's not a bad thing to like babies, to care for them.' Originally I was very pro-feminist because I thought it would be a good influence on both kids—not because it would bring out the worst traits of women in men and the worst traits of men in women."—**DB**



PHOTOGRAPH BY HENRI CARTIER BRESSON, MAGNUM PHOTOS

After all, with the rate of divorce, there aren't that many average middle-class families left."

I woke early, made a trip to the outhouse and back, a cat rustling in the dry leaves beside me on the path. The sky was the color of sulfur. There was a crust of ice on a puddle by the door. In the kitchen, Eben was sitting at the table, choo-chooing a coffee cup from one edge to another.

"What are you playing?" I asked him.

"New York," he said.

"How do you play New York?"

"Bring the man to New York in the boat."

Quoysters was studying her square of corn bread as it crackled on top of the stove.

"You going home?" she asked me.

"Yes," I said.

She touched the corn bread to see if it was warm yet.

"I like it when people stay," she said. "I like it when lots and lots and lots of people are here."

She flipped her corn bread onto a dish and said, "It's more interesting."

Ananda and Chestnut Hill—the collective and the anarchic—frame the discussion of what is happening to kids growing up in intentional communities. But at the center of the discussion, like a piece of grit in a mouthful of Jell-O, is the question: how will these kids turn out?

The question grates against the guilt of every traditional parent, for, if these children become prodigies of virtue, then every parent who raised his child in the privacy of a nuclear family must feel he has failed. The answer cannot be found in analyzing the practical advantages or balancing the obvious pleasures and pratfalls of raising children in a group. These are only the by-products of the experience.

"The dynamics behind moving to a commune were the same as those behind moving to a small planned suburban tract-house community," says a UC sociology professor

"At the beginning, we tried to break down the idea that there was a difference between the biological parent and the other adults in our collective," said Pat Loy, who lives with his two children and five adults in a political collective in Washington, D.C. "We had a lot of utopian ideas. When they would want something or need something, I would encourage them to go to the others. It's easier for a man living in a group situation to do that than a woman. Men aren't socialized to feel they've got to take care of all the kids' needs. Women are. It's easier for a man to give up responsibility. If a woman does, she's got to fight that fear she's not being a *good mother.*

"So the kids learned to go to the other adults when they had a problem. But it turned out that wasn't the crucial thing. There's something else, something it's hard to put your finger on, that's more important than figuring out child-care schedules, making sure everyone can and does take care of the kids. It's not just giving them good models—which is important, though. It has to do with something that happens to you and to them when you're relating."

Like alchemists who seek to transform something in themselves—their leaden spirit into psychic gold—by manipulating the external paraphernalia (the retorts and mortars) of their craft,

the communards seek to change not just their culture but themselves by manipulating the relationships within their communes. They are testing human nature.

"I studied a commune in Oregon, 60 miles outside of Portland, where they had pretty much broken down the idea that the biological parents were special," said Gil Vickland, a member of the sociology department at the University of Maine in Orono. "There were two kids, a girl four years old and a boy seven years old, and ten adults, five men and five women. But the reason it seemed to work (and it seemed to work well) was that there was an extraordinary woman there named Rebecca who was able to relate completely to that idea and who supported the mother in her desire to have the kids treat all adults in the same way.

"Whether it would work as well if Rebecca were not there, whether it will still work in ten years when the kids are teenagers or in twenty years when they're adults—who knows? It's very difficult to predict these things, especially since you don't know how long the commune is going to survive. And, even if it survives, how many of the same people will be there in ten years? Communes tend to have a highly mobile population. How will that turnover affect the kids?"

"One of the things I worry about," said Ann Speltz, "is how living in a situation where people are always coming and leaving will affect Jimmy."

Ann and Jimmy, her son, live with six others, adults, in a socialist commune in Boston, Massachusetts. Tomatoes ripened on the window sill in the sun. On the kitchen bulletin board was a mimeographed grocery shopping list, an indication of an extremely organized group. An herb chart was taped to the refrigerator door.

"I have fears that when Jimmy grows up," Ann said, "either he's not going to be able to relate to people in depth because people were always moving on; or, for the same reason, he'll cling to one person. And I think this is a real problem for most kids who have grown up on communes, because very few communes are stable. Of course, a lot of nuclear families aren't stable either. Parents are always getting divorced or uprooting their kids to move to another town because the father has been transferred by his company. At least communes can cushion that feeling of transience, of not knowing where your *real* home is."

The development of the communes in the sixties was an attempt to solve the problem of increasing alienation in the straight world. The development of the communes was, in fact, "consistent with the major population trends in the country," said Dr. Bruce Hackett, a professor of sociology at the University of California at Davis. "It was part of the same impulse that had led to the decentralization of the cities, the creation of the intentional settlements of the suburbs. The dynamics behind moving to a commune were the same as those behind moving to a small planned suburban tract-house community."

Both the move to the suburbs in the late forties and fifties and the move to the communes in the sixties and early seventies were the groping efforts of the generations which had been uprooted by World War II and by postwar business and technology to recreate the closeness lost with the shattering of the traditional extended families. Parents, who had moved away from hometowns in the forties and fifties, looked to the suburbs to give their children the feeling of community they missed; and the children, when they grew up, looked to the communes to satisfy the yearning for community which they had inherited from their parents and which was frustrated in the suburbs.

Quoysters didn't need Mattel or Parker Bros. to shape her afternoon. All her games were spontaneous inventions

And, to some extent, the communes have satisfied this need. At the Renaissance Community in north central Massachusetts, a religious sect of around 150 members who live communally in a number of farmhouses and apartments in the Greenfield area, both adults and children have a sense of connectedness that would be extraordinary in the outside society. They drift from their dwellings in Turners Falls to their houses in Northfield, migrating from room to room, from farm to town as their needs take them, safe in the fraternity they share.

At their house in Gill, in the evening, the dozen kids—from Elka, two, to David, nine—crowd around the woodbox stove in the living room, all dressed in their pj's, joking, talking, playing games, reading to each other while the dozen adults who also live there read, discuss the day, plan projects or listen to music. Despite the authoritarian structure of the community, similar to that at Ananda (the Renaissance Community is also a church, led by a high priest, Michael Rapunzel), the members are happy—as they tend to be at Ananda.

The structure of the community affects the nature of the happiness of its members, not the fact of happiness. People can be happy losing their individuality in a tribe or they can be happy exercising their individuality in the fellowship of free and equal people. The two different kinds of communities represented by Chestnut Hill and Ananda—the anarchic and the collective—have attempted to solve the problem of alienation by revivifying two different traditions.

Neither tradition is inherently bad. The anarchic tradition can produce a chaos of selfishness or it can produce the sort of self-sufficient independent spirits who pioneered this country. The collective tradition can produce a stable harmonious society of citizens who defer to the common good or it can produce a nation of sheep led by a totalitarian master.

At both kinds of intentional communities the children tended to be more open and trusting than is generally found in straight society. This openness and trust does not close the case on whether child-rearing in an intentional community is better than child-rearing in a nuclear family. It may take a generation to decide that. But I am left with enough of a qualified yes on the proposition to feel that when I have a child I might very well wish to raise my son or daughter in a group.

The question that remains—as insistent and as disturbing as the whimper of a child in a chilly house at night—finally resolves itself into a recent formulation of an old argument. If we are born good but are corrupted by evil institutions, the ideal society is anarchic and children should be raised in free communities such as Chestnut Hill. If we are born corrupt and need a guiding authority to protect us from ourselves and from each other, the ideal society is collective and children should be brought up in structured communities like Ananda.

Rousseau versus Hobbes.

The Noble Savage versus Original Sin.

The communities that were formed in the sixties, like cultures in petri dishes, serve as experiments to test the knottiest problem of them all: are we essentially evil or are we essentially good; have we fallen from grace or are we, in fits and starts, progressing toward Eden.

Photographs by Rick Smolan/Contact

In central Tennessee, 900 former city folk are living and working together, voluntary peasants on America's largest commune

The Farm

Spring has come to the Farm.

Rows of cool green shoots of winter wheat have poked their way through the rust-colored Tennessee soil. The farm crew is busy planting onions and potatoes, while the mechanics preen the tractors and combines which will eventually harvest tons of soybeans, white potatoes and other produce—enough to feed the 900 folks living on what is, perhaps, the largest commune in the United States.

Things have not always been so hopeful. Five years ago when Stephen Gaskin, the spiritual leader of the Farm, led his caravan of 200 flower children from the psychedelic frenzy of San Francisco to the rolling countryside of central Tennessee in search of a religious and self-sufficient life, the soil was not so fertile, and the would-be farmers knew more about harvesting window boxes of cannabis than hundreds of acres of sorghum. And then there were the locals—good, God-fearing dirt farmers, who were less than happy with the arrival of their bearded neighbors in Day-Glo buses.

The first was not an easy year. Stephen and some others were busted for growing grass and the vegetarian diet proved hard on some members.

But the Farmers were determined. Men apprenticed themselves out to farmers in the area,

During the week, Farmers work at their various tasks, in the fields, in the soy dairy and the canning center, where the "ladies" preserve some 25,000 quarts of fruits and vegetables. (The Farmers, who are able to produce most of the food needed for their vegetarian diet, estimate that it costs a total of forty cents a day to feed one person.) On Sundays, all the members gather together to meditate, to listen to Stephen's sermons (left, second from top and to celebrate marriages.

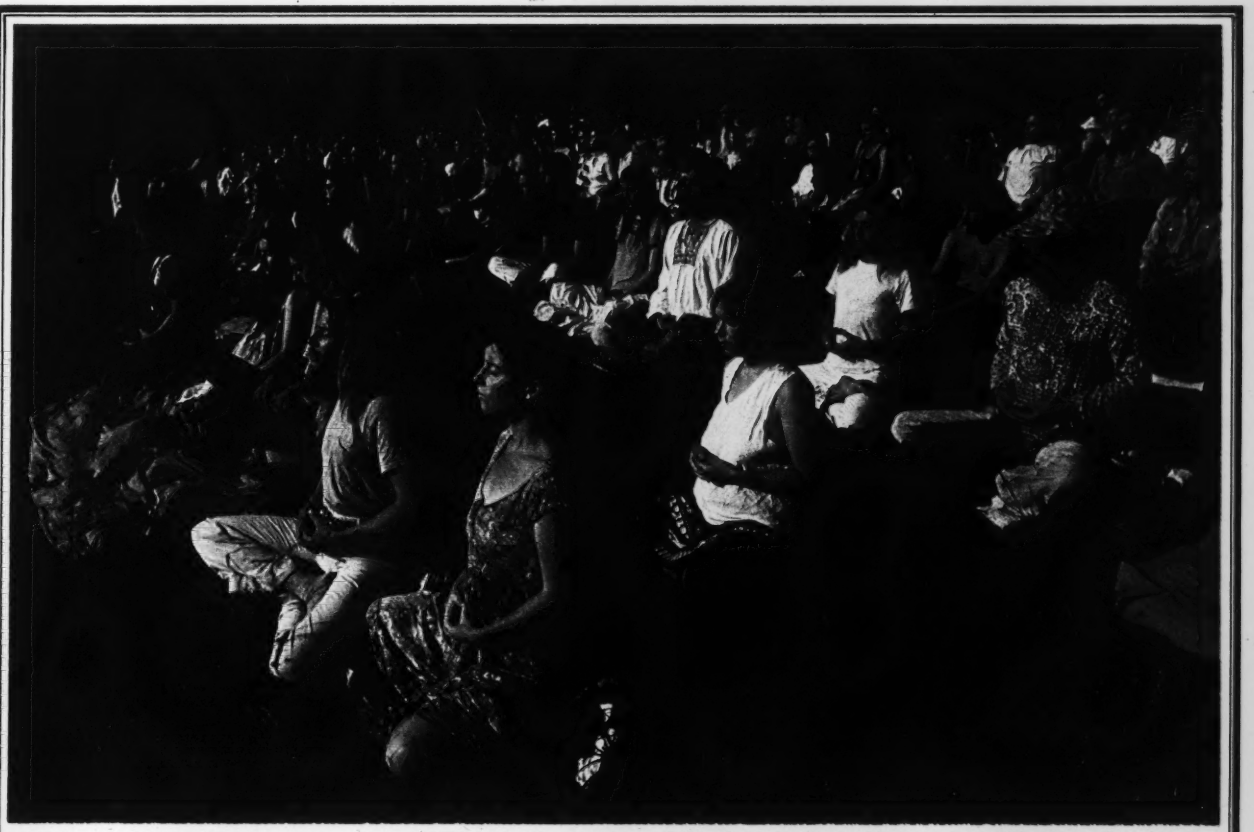
volunteering their labor in exchange for knowledge. They learned quickly which crops would take to the soil and which would not, which fertilizers and insecticides were necessary. And the women sought help from the state and deciphered which nutritional supplements were necessary for a balanced diet. Still others learned the art of midwifery—a very important calling in a community that uses no form of chemical or mechanical birth control and that takes pride in centering itself around children ("That's why we're doin' this," one father said, "for our kids").

And the Farm, with surprising speed, transformed itself from yet another doomed Utopia to a thriving community which has quadrupled its population in the past five years and attracts over 15,000 visitors annually. It has gained the admiration of state officials to the point where a number of teenagers, otherwise destined for detention homes, have been sent to spend time on the Farm. And, more important, it has gained the respect of local inhabitants: a congregation in Summertown has just donated its old church building to the Farm. The sheriff who arrested Stephen some years back maintains he wouldn't mind having his own son live on the Farm. "When I was young," he says, "if one of the farmers would get sick, all the neighbors would go ahead and catch his crop up, clear his land for him. They don't do that now, not here. But they still do that at the Farm. I had a fire out here last year, coming toward my house. And next thing I know, here they are—and I bet there were fifty of them—and they got the fire put out."

The fact that the Farm has met with so much success here in the heart of the Bible Belt is no fluke: the old values do not stop with neighborliness. The community considers itself a spiritual entity, and the religion taught by Stephen at Sunday meetings and practiced by all throughout the rest of the week is a curious blend of Eastern disciplines and Christianity.

Indeed, life here is possibly more traditional than in the surrounding fundamentalist towns. Men wear beards and women (referred to as "ladies" on the Farm) usually wear long skirts. By and large, they stick to traditional male/female roles. Even the speech of the Farmers is a curious patois of Biblical language and hip slang.

Perhaps the most glaring difference between the young people on the Farm and their counterparts



elsewhere is their attitude about sex. Casual sex on the Farm is openly rejected and sex at an early age is discouraged. Couples living together are considered engaged, and those who have babies, married. Marriage itself is considered a holy and permanent state; the family is central to life on the Farm, and consequently "hanky-panky," as the Farmers call it, is *verboten*.

For those outside the Farm's gates, the concept of 900 people living in a community with no courts or written codes, all getting along, all working for the greater good, is not an easy one to comprehend. And yet this is what the Farm seems to have achieved. All material goods are held in common; those who live within the Farm's confines surrender all possessions to the Farm. No currency is used, people take what they need from the Farm store, children are educated at the Farm school and health needs are paid for by the Farm (the funds for these and other expenses incurred by the Farm come from money brought in by construction work in neighboring communities, sale of excess produce and money handed over by those joining the Farm). Everyone, residents claim, stands equal: the woman who is in charge of the Farm's budget—over $700,000 in 1975—is paid no salary and lives in the same type of house, eats the same food, as a man on the construction crew.

And while there are various levels of responsibility, there is, members claim, no hierarchy. If a person wants to work on the press, he or she must go and apprentice and, as the person's skill increases, so will the responsibilities. Assuming there are two people equally qualified for the same job, they will either share it or expand operations. And if a certain job is not being done, volunteers will be sought and found without pressure, say the Farmers. Everyone pitches in, even on jobs that the "square world" (Farmers' definition for the rest of humanity) would shun and find unpleasant, such as shoveling a ton of manure from truck to field. "We really be fair and loving," explains David Frohman, who does much of the photography for the Farm's books and pamphlets and who has, he says, spent many joyous hours shoveling cow dung. "Everybody here depends on everybody else. We can't have worries and be jockeying for social position."

The Farm, to be sure, is an idyllic community which has accomplished amazing things, and aims to accomplish more. It recently sent 30 tons of free food to British Honduras and has a crew seeking out a freighter so that similar missions can be carried out solely by the Farm. Several Farmers are being sent through medical school, and shows are being videotaped to spread the word of Stephen's teachings and the Farm's activities.

But all of this has been accomplished at a cost. The Farm is not an open society. Although they are free to visit, agnostics really have no place here, nor do those who believe that the individual comes before the group. The person who wants to live by himself in a house of his own should look elsewhere. This is a homogeneous community, one that accepts one man as its spiritual leader and its best example. Some people, long-term Farm citizens, find they can't take the thick communal ties, the simple life of the "voluntary peasant." And they have left this bit of Eden for the "square world," a place of quirks and violence, intense individualism and seemingly infinite diversity.

But for those who remain, this community, where all are one, is a very real and viable way to deal with this thing called life; it is, as one Farmer put it, "One way to make it sanely through a world that, from all appearances, is clearly going mad." **—Suzanne Charlé**

PHOTOGRAPH BY TIMOTHY CARLSON

By Michael Wolff

Lured by the surf and the blandishments of Playboy's College Expo '76—a promotional sea of Old Spice lotions, Schlitz beer and Clairol hair preparations—800,000 students streamed into Daytona Beach for the spring recess this year

SWAMPED IN AMERICANA

The beach, even before this spring wave, had its problems. This is Florida, which means no break from summer; and this is Florida, which means thirty years of postwar battle by small-fry real estate men to erect that one development, or mall, or condo that will make them big enough to store a bundle with the bagman before the bankruptcy. And, because this is Daytona—which, with its Speedway, its 500, had a get-back-to-religion attitude toward the almighty auto—the beach, the sand itself, has been designated a state highway, where the sand is packed for Eldorados, trailer homes, rent-a-cars and the cabs of diesel trucks, bumper to bumper, round the clock, the clip-clip-clap of cassettes being jostled in and out. The students of the Bicentennial had come home.

Florida has always occupied a place in the postwar collegiate mythology. Fort Lauderdale was a spot for good-looking boys and Gidget girls. It survived for ten seasons as the spring port of the fraternity gentry: where the boys were. But in the late sixties, Woodstock et al., it drifted into some quaint and distant symbol of a time whose purposelessness had passed. In 1970 and '71 there was somewhat of a resurgence in "Lauderdale" (quaint had become camp), but the town noticed that this seemed to be a different crowd: restless, pale, all too casual about their sex, as if drunk, yet beer sales were down. Fort Lauderdale got nervous, inhospitable. So for the last three seasons, the harmless children of an unnamed, new and nebulous generation moved into Daytona. This year, from early March through Easter, 600,000 to upwards of 1 million college students, from the East as far as Detroit, from the North as far as Dartmouth, with the heavy accent on Kentucky, Tennessee, Chapel Hill, Georgia State and Tallahassee, in rented Winnebagos, in suburban wagons, in cars whose asses are jacked up to meet the sun, on Eastern, on Delta flights making connections in Atlanta, on Greyhounds organized by campus groups, took their spring recess here in Daytona. No day would pass this spring without 250,000 tanned and tanning white boys and girls on and around the beach.

"It's something we questioned, why no one ever capitalized on the promotional potential of spring break before," noted Pete Spina in his leisure suit, behind his desk in the offices of College Marketing Research (CMR), a subsidiary of Playboy Enterprises, Inc., in the Playboy building in New York, all Mylar and tubular lights.

CMR is an arm of the *Playboy* marketing philosophy; for a price, it offers the *Playboy* debonair, the sales value of adolescent elbowing. "At colleges across the country," Spina explained, "we organize through what we call our campus reps. A top quality bunch of kids, trendsetters, if you know what I mean, the big Greeks, the big jocks, the really cute sorority sisters." For *Playboy* itself, for *Playboy* advertisers or for any concern with the fee, CMR will research, delineate and profile the exact sector of the youth market for a particular product, or, as they are apt to say, marketing concept. With the *Playboy* logo, CMR will introduce corporate seller to youthful buyer "in a one to one, very special marketing arrangement, in which we recognize that today's student cannot be influenced by conventional media, but must be approached in his own environment." Which mostly seems to mean that CMR organizes a lot of tequila and wine-tasting parties.

Back in December, in the doldrums, no doubt, of all the company

Michael Wolff is a free-lance writer living in New York.

PHOTOGRAPH BY TIMOTHY CARLSON

whispers and rumors about the effect of *Playboy*'s worst year, some Hefner lieutenant, paid to wonder what kind of man reads *Playboy*, remembered where the boys are.

Have CMR do a workup on the kind of kids who go to Florida, he no doubt ordered. Studying CMR's market profile, it became clear that not only the magazine but also *Playboy* offshoots and subsidiaries and advertisers, the ailing bunny image itself, could benefit from "the promotional potential of spring break." A grandiose fair of "youth-oriented products" was proposed. The stereos and the T-shirts and the cosmetics and beer and movies and yogurts and lotions and cameras and clothes with all their freebies and raffles and buttons and posters and stickers and unctious goodwill could come right to the students, gussied in *Playboy* bunny drag. In the lingo of the marketing experience, the event would be called an "exposition"—"College Expo '76."

"It's really a super opportunity," Pete Spina explained. "I mean we virtually have an exclusive contract on the free time of our target market, 250,000 kids." So *Playboy* booked itself into the largest convention quarters it could find on the 15-mile Daytona beach strip, and through a strategy of shills and hawkers and "aerial advertising" planned to draw 50-, to 100,000 idle children off the beach.

"Can I be frank?" Spina paused, leaned foward. "Do you know why I seriously feel Expo is an important event? Because the college-age market is now making its brand preferences."

The March issue of *Playboy* featured a spread on the action in Florida, "soft selling" a hot time; and CMR promised a promotional campaign that would reach "76% of the total college market." And by March 19, the booths and paraphernalia of Old Spice, Clairol, Schlitz, Minolta, Coppertone, Bose, Paramount, Dannon, Consolidated Cigars, a gaggle of smaller concerns and the grand booth of *Playboy* itself arrived to fill the 25,000-square-foot sunless convention quarters of the Daytona Plaza Hotel.

"We have nothing to sell," Spina would say, echoing the defensive assurances of every marketing director, promoter, give-away agent and P.R. man in Daytona Beach.

Strangely enough, there was an honesty in that salesman's lie. These agents of products that depended on the desires, the programmatic innocence of America's youth, were there in Daytona to reassure themselves that the youth market could again be bought.

"We surveyed this Daytona thing ourselves," said a marketing man from a corporation based in Manhattan, "and we found that the kids here would represent a pretty fair cross-section of small-town suburban types. And when I go back to New York, my people are gonna want to know if we have a future in this market. Whether it's filled with lazy cynics, sixties types too dead to even demonstrate anymore, the kind you find in New York—Jesus, but it's good to be down in the sun, fuckin' gettin' so you can't tell a white ass from a black one livin' in that asshole up North—or if it's made up of, you know, basically average, receptive, party-going, decent kids."

Somewhere in these temperamental years the personality of the product and the personality of the market had lost touch, and in Daytona a reunion was meant to occur.

And yes, it was not difficult to discern that *Playboy* itself, as the organizing committee and the welcome wagon and the clean-up crew, had the most to learn. Could it still sell that uxorious gloss of tits and ass? Had the myth of cheesecake and the life of sex come apart? The names *Hustler* and *Penthouse* were pronounced in Daytona with a very weary scorn. How far up the vagina, *Playboy* wanted to know, would it be forced?

There were few who did not use the rhetoric "to run wild" and "to raise hell," yet it was a liberation that acknowledged nearly every middle-class constraint

What was at issue here was sex, for *Playboy* of course, and for the sales allure of every body fragrance and tanning lotion and hair conditioner and stereo setup in Daytona. If, as it seemed a few years back, sex had relaxed, had lost its feelie-feelie first base rhetoric, come openly into the dorm rooms, naked onto the beaches, if soft pornography had lost its modesty and turned forever hard-core, well, that might mean real pleasure (orgasms at last), or real disaster, an end, at any rate, for the business, the accoutrements, the subsidiaries of pleasure-seeking, all those billions spent to get laid, or to mitigate not getting laid.

I am here to report that the reunion of product and market was not marred by people too old to recognize each other, nor too canny to see through each other. And if you looked hard enough, got too close for comfort, you could begin to see that this gathering went one better than a sentimental reunion, that *Playboy* (with its bunny mugs and bunny decals and bunny key chains and bunny ID bracelets and bunny playing cards and its squad of real bunny cheerleaders and one live Playmate autographing modest yearbook 8 x 10s of herself) and its faculty of *Playboy* advertisers were able to greet a freshman class eager to be absorbed into the image of its new school.

Deep in the majority of a quarter-million college kids there were no drugs, no Rolling Stones, no sexual intercourse. And no, this did not seem to be some local Southern fest of faith-healers praying for George Wallace; if many of the girls were dough-faced, sexy Southerners, it was not difficult to find the well-scrubbed horsey types with Mt. Holyoke and Syracuse decals plastered on their luggage; and if at first glance the boys all seemed to be second-string linebackers, the tug of war team of skinny, tickly goatee types with class rings from Haverford and Tufts turned out to hold their own. Not a strain of ideology here.

Yet one could detect a party line, for there were few who did not use the rhetoric "to run wild" and "to raise hell" when asked why they took the trip to Daytona. Which seemed to mean, all over the 15-mile beach, a conventioner's version of freedom: to spill beer, to insult waitresses, to leer at the "meat," to stay up all night. It was a liberation that acknowledged nearly every middle-class constraint.

"Man, I came for the chicks," chortled Willie Hoff, a sophomore from a Midwestern university. "Down here, man, on the beach, the chicks gettin' a really foxy tan, in their little bikinis (pronounced *be*-kinis). You really get to see the merchandise. I mean the tits around here, Jesus, the bathing suits they wear nowadays, you can see even some of the mound from the bottom. You know when the top starts to rise. Shit, sometimes you can even see a nipple."

"But did you get laid?"

"Naw, you can't expcet that. You know these girls are far from home and everything, and they don't like to be pressured. I mean I could if I came on real strong, but that's like not my style. You know what I heard? Huh? Well, that down here the college girls don't do it, but the high school girls do!"

At breakfast, girls who the night before had treated themselves to a double

order of "delicate French pancakes in a 'real' orange sauce," at Ihop, the International House of Pancakes, neaty noting the expenditure in their cost diaries, and who had wandered in groups of fours and fives along the Daytona beach strip until it got "too dark" and then gone back to their motel room to listen to disco music on a portable stereo lugged from home, would mull over the adventures of the night before:

"We were just sitting in our room with a record on," Donna relates to another girl over breakfast pancakes and sausage, "when this guy comes to the door and sorta cool like asks what's happenin'. And, well, Cheryl thought he was kinda cute. You know, he had on these really faded jeans and all, and he seemed like a sorta good dude, so we said come on in. So we sat around a while just talkin', and he was pretty nice. He goes to Indiana and it turned out he had a class with my cousin. Anyway, so then Cheryl turns up the record, and Chuck, that was his name, and Cheryl start dancin' and Cheryl tries to teach him the bump and the hustle. But then we had some liquor, this really good blackberry brandy, and Chuck starts drinkin' it and gets real weird. I mean real weird. He starts comin' on to like all of us, and he says, well, what's our opinion about oral sex. . . ."

"What?" asks another girl at the table.

"You know," Donna explains, "like with the mouth."

"That's really sick!" Another girl makes no bones about it.

"Yeah, isn't it. So anyway then Mary Ellen really yells at him and tells him he better get out and if he wants to talk like that he better go find one of those big black whores like we saw on the street the other night."

Through a Saturday afternoon the rumors of a "big bash" traveled down the beach. A young man with a chest of gold, balancing on the hood of a convertible GTO, announced through a cardboard megaphone that the delegation from "the great state of North Carolina" would have a party that evening to welcome all the other people "from all the other great states in this country" to Daytona.

Five hundred good, clean, deodorized kids mobbed half a hotel floor—someone would claim he counted 3,000 cans of beer the next morning—and not, for chrissake, a touch of frenzy or anticipation in the air. Not even the harnessed good cheer of a beer hall, nor even the funereal depression of a party that went bad. Just benign, just smiling, just moodless somehow, just "Hey, where you from. . . that's good, that's real good. I'm

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from up North, put 'er here." And at 9:00 the already muted gathering fell into silent places around ten TVs wheeled into the hall, and the only sound, I swear, were flip-tops popping and 500 young Americans taking their cues from the laugh track of *Mary Tyler Moore*.

In the Daytona discos, $30,000 invested here for a chromatic dance floor, $80,000 for a revolving bar, one dipped back a decade or so into the dances of a junior high school youth. The girls safe in their corner, the boys, caged and tight, pacing the ropes. And nearly all had that tortured, half-hysterical look of facing a boundary, a barrier, a line-wire to cross. If in the dark, oversized, Fedders-conditioned rooms one found an innocent, nostalgic corn, a desperate sadness was the feeling that lasted, for the girls, in their careful halter tops, all felt rejected, and the boys, all combed and razored, felt like cowards.

In Daytona that week, it was only the P.R. men and marketing people who really seemed to expect some action. They giddily confided to one another that they had brought their condoms and their stashes.

One night, over the weekend, in a hotel lobby at 2:00 a.m. where 100 kids sat talking, swilling beer and listening to the meek plucks of one hesitant guitar, the police came in, a noise complaint or something, and ordered everyone to bed, or else they'd "really have to bust up the party." For a moment there was a hopeful grumble, but then the children apologized, said it wouldn't happen again and quickly scattered. It was left to the marketing director of a line of body fragrances and a P.R. man who had been an M.P. at the march on the Pentagon to stare down the none too ferocious Florida policemen.

If anyone got together in Daytona, if any sexual relationships were forged, it happened inside *Playboy*'s convention. The students, wide-eyed, well-scrubbed and innocent, wandered intently through the massive, echoing ballroom, past the sixty or so expansive and chinzy booths and demonstrations and display cases of ordinary American products, looking at Coppertone and Old Spice and Schlitz as if they were something futuristic. The give-away samples were accepted ("Who? Me? For free?") with the obsequious air of a charity case. The questionnaires—and every product seemed to have a survey, long and bland and scientifically simple-minded ("Is marriage in your future plans?" "Are today's moral standards too lax? too strict? just right?" "Has Watergate influenced your. . . ?")—were filled out with a rapt, head-scratching seriousness. A suntan ointment sported, at its booth, Miss Florida, and Clairol had on display its cutie of the year, a Tallahassee sorority girl called, for reasons of product awareness, Miss Long and Silky; and perhaps the only subterranean impulse of the whole affair was a rampant concern with the size of Miss Florida's bosom and the color of a bow Miss Long and Silky was said to wear at the cleavage of her bra.

But of course, it was *Playboy*'s airport-modern booth, all white Formica, fluorescent and plastic, that drew the most attention. The bunnies with their hard edges and blank expressions, not totally rude, but clearly not at all interested, scored 100 on the snigger meter; and Viki Cunningham, the Playmate in her shetland sweater and immobile face, was the Medusa of Daytona—"Jesus, don't stare, you idiot, she'll see you. Be cool and don't look until she turns the other way." And the ubiquitous Pete Spina seemed always to be here and always to be there, smoothing his hair and acting the role of the *Playboy* adviser: "Listen, man, if you wanna make it with a chick you just gotta have a good line," he would paternally explain to boys in Greek letter T-shirts. "All a chick wants to know is that you're cool, like me for instance. I just say I work for *Playboy*, here's my card, and man it always works. But you guys can just make somethin' up. Believe me it's cool, you'll never see these broads again."

"This isn't *Hustler* or *Penthouse*," the *Playboy* photographer would reassure the girls. "I believe a girl can be erotic with just a smile, a certain look"

Crème de la crème, *Playboy* also sent a photographer ("Christ what a job, goddamn if that isn't the best job in the world") to scout models for a pictorial on the girls of Daytona. He went up and down the beach gauging complexions, faces, breasts, buttocks, introducing himself politely, almost quaintly. "This isn't *Hustler* or *Penthouse*," he would reassure the girls of Daytona who had come to his hotel suite for an interview. "I believe a girl can be erotic with just a smile, a certain look." The girls, knees tight, hardly breathing, would half-nod. The photographer proceeded gingerly: "We don't think it's necessary to show everything; all we're really interested in is a pretty girl; we don't think that what the other magazines do is artistic." He had used the right words—*pretty, artistic*—and that seemed to make it better. The girls let out a breath; they were thankful for those words, they wanted to relax, for deep in their Southern hearts they seemed to feel that by the grace of this photographer they might really make it, be somebodies, contenders. "You realize, of course," he then would add, "that this is *Playboy*, you do understand?"

There were few who did not pronounce Daytona and *Playboy*'s supermarket real good fun. "Dear Bobby: Down here it's real nice and fun," began a random postcard lying face up in an open mailbox provided by the hotel. "I really hope next year you can come. The kids who I met are nice, and the beach is real sunny. There is this Expo thing here just for the kids with *Playboy* bunnies and all kinds of free stuff. We are all having a just great good time. See you soon."

In the language of the postcard perhaps one can find a hint of the meaning of good American fun, for a vocabulary that shows no impulse to break out of blandness suggests quite a bit about the myth of the passionate American ego, suggests maybe that a bicentennial revision is due, that the *Playboy* patina, and the homogenous and stainless fragrances, cosmetics and franchises have won, circumscribed our personalities, our idea of fun.

Boredom, of course, inhabits and generates its own extremes. Eight hundred were arrested on Saturday night in Daytona, mostly for open beer bottles carried in the dark. At least one girl was carried off the beach to an efficiency motel room and raped, gang-banged, twelve times, she thought. And, of course, on the fringes of this spring there was a good deal of loneliness with its mask off. Another girl, walking along the beach, was punched in the face by a passing boy whom she did not know, and on the ground she was kicked in the groin. "You fucking frigid bitch," he screamed and walked on, crying, the girl remembered.

Early one morning, thinking death of the republic thoughts, I stood out in the low skimming waters of the tide waiting for the sun to come up. "Buddy, hey buddy," a policeman called, "you gotta move along, no loiterin' allowed." But Officer, I began, the water, the tide area is always unrestricted, a free zone. He eased the patrol car into the water and rolled his window down. "Come on, my friend," he said, "now you wouldn't be one of them outside agitators come down to stir the good kids up?" ●

Movies

CREEP sonata

By Richard Corliss

Say what you like about the six-year period in American history that began with the rise of Eugene McCarthy and ended with the fall of Richard Nixon, it was great theater—a melodramatic spectacle with winners and losers, good guys and bad guys, violent death and political resurrection, twists of fate and turnings in the wind, tragic heroes and pathetic villains. The first act pitted the repressive arm of the Establishment against the upraised middle finger of the New Left, and climaxed with the murder-suicide of the radical movement. In Act Two, the forces of Legitimacy (personified by a hanging judge and a couple of hang-in-there reporters) brought the Royal House down, while the King, in the best Shakespearean tradition, went mad in his oval tower. *MacBird!* was only a burlesque of tragedy, but *Richard I* is the stuff of a modern chronicle play—a sort of *War of Neuroses*, with a protagonist whose tragic flaw was the twentieth-century equivalent of hubris: paranoia.

Of all the memorable leading players in this American psychodrama (Lyndon Johnson, Bobby Seale, Spiro Agnew, Abbie and Julius Hoffman, John Ehrlichman, Sam Ervin), the most fascinating was Richard Nixon—a figure out of Dickens and Dostoevsky, Heller and Hitchcock. On some subconscious level, Nixon must have realized the tragi-grotesque nature of his role. Certainly he played it to the hilt, with angry soliloquies, mad scenes and, on August 9, 1974, a superbly staged final exit: the rambling Farewell Address, with its obsessive references to his Quaker mother; then the arms raised in a poignant parody of his 1972 victory sign; and finally the departure into the presidential helicopter that rose from the White House lawn and disappeared into the morning sky.

Woodward (Redford) and Bernstein (Hoffman) wait anxiously while Ben Bradlee (Robards) decides whether an early Watergate story rates a front-page splash.

Trouble is, when we emerged from this six-year theater piece into the real world, almost nothing had changed. And without Richard Nixon to give some malignant dramatic shape to American politics, the seventies have degenerated into a Grand Guignol version of the Eisenhower fifties—to the point where our accidental, accident-prone President gets laughs at the Washington Press Club with a respectful impression of comedian Chevy Chase's disrespectful impression of him! Maybe Jerry Ford is right in assuming that Americans are tired of tragedy and ready for an inept farceur as their Chief Executive. But a lot of us are sitting around, stoned or just anesthetized, halfway between 1968 and 1984, trying to make some connection between our dream-nightmare past and our sleepwalking present, and wondering if Vietnam and Watergate weren't simply rites of passage in America's transition from adolescence to senility. It's a mood that's susceptible to instant nostalgia for the awful excitement of the early seventies—a nostalgia to which Alan J. Pakula's movie of **All The President's Men** eloquently speaks.

Pakula and screenwriter William Goldman at first look to be tapping the same melodramatic nerve as Costa-Gavras in his political thrillers *Z* and *State of Siege*. But Costa-Gavras' films, undeniably skillful and unconscionably manipulative, appeal to the Saturday-matinee child in every trouble liberal moviegoer, and exploit his Left-is-right prejudicies with plots cloaked in Justice Crying Out for Vengeance. *All the President's Men* comes out of a newer, cooler tradition: the reconstructed documentaries of recent political history that have become a staple of commercial TV in the last year or two. These documentaries vary in surface fidelity—from the meticulous casting of look-alikes in *The Missiles of October* and *The White House Tapes* to the lightly fictionalized and highly romanticized biographies of *Eleanor and Franklin* and *Truman and MacArthur*—but all are concerned with the way the political process works, or doesn't: the specific words and small gestures used by powerful men as they exercise that power. *All the President's Men* is not about Humpty Dumpty Dick but about the men who told the world his shell was cracked; still, the movie has the same watchmaker's, documentary obsessiveness in exploring the workaday mechanics of journalistic heroism.

The heroes are, of course, Bob Woodward (Robert Redford) and Carl Bernstein (Dustin Hoffman), the *Washington Post* reporters who were largely

responsible for uncovering the subversive chicanery—the laundered money and dirty tricks—of the Nixon Administration. But this is also a movie about victims who become heroes: frustrated idealists such as CREEP Treasurer Hugh Sloan and his tortured assistant, and the bitter, delphic "Deep Throat." Finally, there are the villains who became their own victims: the President's men, the master technocrats who in crisis began acting like third-rate burglars and ended in John Sirica's courtroom with the discouragement of their own convictions.

A movie about Watergate could have focused on one kind of "political intelligence." *All the President's Men* celebrates another kind: the savvy, the resilience, the grace under pressure of two bright young guys using their wits and their moxie to solve a mystery that may implicate the President of the United States. To pry information from would-be sources, Woodward and Bernstein can act the seducer or the psychoanalyst; they can be righteous or rapacious; they can bluff, plead, wheedle, threaten, all in the best *Front Page* tradition. The film allows this ambiguity about the reporters' methods to stand, and is stronger for it; but Woodward and Bernstein weren't chasing ambulances or intimidating widows, they were investigating an Executive conspiracy. Piece by piece, they put the story together through months of numbing legwork and frustrated leads. In the end, the viewer's satisfaction comes as much from seeing a couple of newsmen pull off an old-fashioned journalistic scoop as from savoring the defeat of the Red-White-and-Blue Meanies. The *Post* 's boys were just smarter than the President's men. You get the feeling that, if a less scrupulous Woodward and Bernstein had occupied the positions held by Haldeman and Ehrlichman, Nixon might have lucked it out.

Pakula has brought off something of an inconspicuous triumph—not a great movie, but the very best movie *All the President's Men* could hope to be. In *Klute* and *The Parallax View*, Pakula had adroitly argued that paranoia was the urban American's only sensible response to his environment; and he turned Formica and fluorescent lighting into palpable forces as ominous as the gargoyles in a Hieronymus Bosch mindscape. Whenever Woodward and Bernstein leave the *Post* pressroom (itself a Day-Glo maze of cubicles), the Washington night saturates them in sickly yellows and off-blacks that evoke the oppressiveness of institutional blandness. Woodward's dead-of-night meetings in an underground garage with "Deep Throat" are dominated by cobalt-blue shadows and Mephistophelian vapors appropriate for a haunted messenger from the underworld. The effect of this Plutonian setting is to justify the reporters' feelings of persecution. It would remain for a later Woodward and Bernstein (now immeasurably more powerful than the President they have helped to unman) to describe, and attempt to understand, Richard Nixon's own paranoia. If *The Final Days* is ever filmed, Alan Pakula might be the one director who could make the fallen Nixon not only pitiable but sympathetic.

At his best, Pakula displays a low-key compassion both for his characters and for his actors that, with the right role, encourages good actors to give exceptional performances. They can move about freely within his generally impassive film-frame; and because Pakula favors long takes, actors can feel more in control of their characterizations, secure in the knowledge that the creation of their roles is in their hands, and not the film editor's. It's no discredit to Redford and Hoffman that Woodward and Bernstein don't have the dramatic resonance of Jane Fonda's Bree Daniels in *Klute*, and it's no discredit to the film. With two such superstars, *All the President's Men* could have been turned into the heartwarming story of a WASPish Yalie Republican who befriends a radical dropout at the *Post* rewrite desk—a sort of *Midnight Bullpen*. Instead, the actors give witty, modest performances that ideally serve the film. Just as the "Woodstein" pair acted as the conduit for a lot of brave informants within the Administration, so does the "Redman" tandem efface itself to allow featured players such as Jane Alexander (as Hugh Sloan's bookkeeper), Stephen Collins (as Sloan), Hal Holbrook (as "Deep Throat") and Robert Walden (as Donald Segretti) to walk off with the histrionic honors. Indeed, selfless professionalism is the subject and substance of *All the President's Men*—a 138-minute film with a familiar plot and resolution that moves like the slickest Christie whodunit.

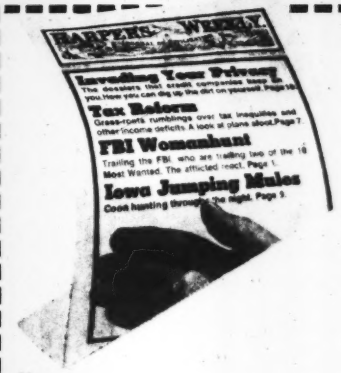
In the old days—the Hollywood of thirty years ago—a movie exposé such as *All the President's Men* would have been ballyhooed with the slogan: "Ripped from today's headlines!" Would that it were. Today's headlines have put the American body politic into suspended animation. And with the possibility of a presidential campaign featuring Gerald Ford and Jimmy Carter (a thumb-sucker and a pacifier), it looks as if our senses of outrage and involvement will remain in the deep freeze for the rest of the decade. The engaged tension that *All the President's Men* recaptures is enough to make you wish we had Richard Nixon to kick around some more. For a quarter of a century, he was our almost-human political football.

MUSIC
Rock

Roxy Music: eerie irony, detached soul

By Janet Maslin

The official version, if you care to swallow it, goes something like this: Roxy Music "appeared in the early summer of 1972 to achieve almost instant success," making a splash so tremendous that, as their stock biography puts it, "maybe jealousy of Roxy's lightning leap to fame was understandable." The group was led by Bryan Ferry, a droll, dapper fellow "ultra-sensitized . . . to the strange influences whirling through the mass psyche of British youth in the Sixties." It also included Eno, who dropped out in 1973, and although "rumours and theories swarming around [his] departure can be found in the music papers of the time. . . the subject can be of interest now only to those with small minds and stifled imaginations." (Speaking of which, American audiences were "peculiarly resistant to Roxy's individuality, incapable of comprehending the band's subtle handling



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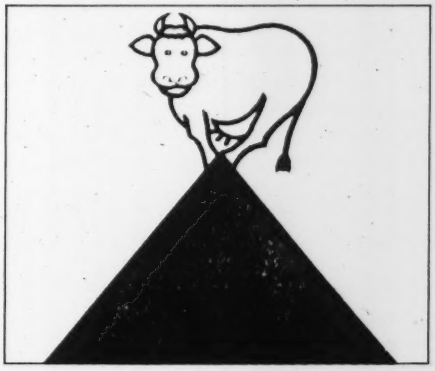

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of their own musical tradition" in those days, but "Europe, however, *au fait* with the intellectual, artistic—and show-biz—attitudes which informed much of Roxy's music, gave the band a warm reception." In any case, the group forged onward under the tutelage of Ferry, "the most valuable creative talent to emerge in British rock music during this decade," even though they continued to be widely—and tragically—misunderstood. For example: "Only some of [Ferry's] more feeble-minded critics would take the prevailing lyrical theme of 'love lost' literally, insensitive to the fact that for the first time rock music possessed a writer capable of transforming its established parameters into the vehicle for the terrifying subjective metaphysics of romantic agony which have dominated art (and our lives, if we but knew it) for decade upon decade now. A vision by nature uncomfortable, even revolutionary, but—unlike most—touching on something of value."

Bitchy? Snotty? You bet, but Roxy Music does have reason to feel defensive, so perhaps their assuming a tone like that is understandable. The group may well have enjoyed "an amazing curve of success" in England, but their American track record is considerably less spectacular; "Love Is the Drug," a catchy, uncharacteristically accessible current single with what Ferry describes as "sort of a 1984 feel about it," is their first Top-40 hit over here, and their albums have sold respectably but never by the carload. America has long been what Ferry half-playfully calls a "high-resistance area" for the group; when they first toured here, he says, "people were suspicious of the fact that we tried to do more than just play music on the stage. They had the attitude that 'they must be doing something wrong if they're trying to do all that as well.' "

"All that" is the inspired, versatile theatricality that does indeed make Roxy Music almost as groundbreaking as its press releases claim. The current stage act, which has Ferry prancing about in a mustache and military getup *à la* Hitler Youth, affords merely the latest in a series of startling visual images that are as characteristic of the group as is its monolithic, eerily ironic, teasingly self-contradictory music. The use of such visual aids has been central to Roxy's approach right from the start (Ferry had been an art student before abruptly turning to pop music in 1971). The cover of their debut album featured a lush, seductive and faintly sinister chorine—a "very beautiful, very blatant chocolate box kind of cover," says Ferry, who designed it. "It's a reference to fifties advertising slogans, when they used to have incredible pinups selling anything and everything." That first cover was wildly successful, at least abroad ("that *was* the idea," Ferry chuckles), and it has since been succeeded by other Roxy graphics that, however varied their settings may be, all achieve the same mood of erotic menace. Cheesecake covers are more commonplace now than they were when Ferry first devised the style, but nothing the Ohio Players dream up will ever rival the Roxy figures' bizarre blend of seduction and danger. Ferry has never wanted to alter the formula by substituting stylized pictures of the band (although the inner-sleeve photos of them generally feature work by a special hairdresser and so forth); he likes the idea of a matched series. ("You know how books by a certain author often have the same style of jacket?") Besides, "to me, Roxy Music was more an idea than a group of people anyway, and to have a girl on the front who seemed fairly abstract seemed quite a good thing."

Whether or not the other members of the band subscribe to such airy notions of their *raison d'être*, they're stuck with Ferry, upon whose stylizing and stabilizing influence they depend heavily. Without him, Roxy Music might be one more skilled but self-important experimental ensemble, since the others appear in many ways to be more avant-garde and daring than their lead singer ("it's very easy to make music which is difficult and obscure—easiest thing in the world," sniffs Ferry). Instead, melded together, the group has become emblematic of a novel, brilliantly restrained brand of rock histrionics. Though Ferry has performed in outfits ranging from white dinner jacket to gaucho drag, he favors a strain of dry, intriguingly dispassionate, coolly futuristic self-presentation that he may have initially borrowed from David Bowie. But Ferry's debt to Bowie has long since been repaid; he has since fleshed out the initial idea of detachment with what he thinks of, almost paradoxically, as "soul" (he listens to Bobby Bland, Albert King, Al Green—none of whose influences are directly evident in his own mincing yet croony singing style). Yet Ferry prefers "soul music as opposed to clever music. You aren't going to get any intellectual uplift from it, maybe, but it'll make you feel good." Yet Ferry also likes to think that he "stands back" from his own songs—"I try and examine what I say at the same time as I say it. I've always been able to react to a given situation in a couple of different ways, see the humor of it and the seriousness as well." The confluence of two such opposite strains does "make it difficult, striking the right kind of balance. But it doesn't make it impossible."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WARING ABBOTT

Bryan Ferry: novel,
brilliantly restrained rock histrionics.

The passionate, raging spirit of the best American black music may never soften Ferry's Laurence Harveyesque stage demeanor ("the tenuous comparisons made in the past with *Casablanca*'s Bogart or Connery's Bond or myriad Laurence Harveys no longer make even an iota of sense," carps the bio, which also notes that Bryan is "currently . . . rejecting film offers"). But the soul tradition has at the very least impressed upon him certain values that contribute to Roxy's feverishly intense delivery. "I always thought that if you're going to see music performed, it really has to be *performed*," Ferry observes. Fortunately, he also understands the value of doing such things well, rather than carrying them to extremes. "A lot of bands now completely overdo that kind of theatrical thing, they do all these grotesque. . .there's a band called Kiss, have you seen pictures of them? I hate to imagine what they do on stage." They spit blood. "Ah. Well, I don't think it's necessary to spit blood. Or to kill chickens, either."

So Bryan Ferry goose-steps innocently to the Teutonic militaristic strains of Roxy's "Bitter-Sweet," or he includes a pouty remake of Lesley Gore's "It's My Party" on the first and better of his solo albums. He puns about a "Mother of Pearl, so semi-precious in your *de*-tached world," or he concocts a cover for *Country Life* featuring a leafy backdrop for two of the most urban vampires imaginable, each one exotically made up and clad in silky, see-through underwear. (Atlantic thoughtfully draped some opaque green shrink-wrap over this particular jacket before distributing it.) But even when he sensationalizes, Bryan Ferry never risks seeming cheap; his instincts are too original, his self-mockery too complex. And despite his disdain for mere cleverness, he's hardly lacking in that, either—it's easy to see why Ferry has been a critics' darling almost everywhere, and why Roxy Music fans are so loyal. Their enthusiasm, as demonstrated during the band's live performances, seems closer to intellectual appreciation than physical ecstasy, but such devotion is no less appreciable for its being—like Ferry's own peculiar soulfulness—so restrained.

And yet, four years after the British success of their "Virginia Plain" single, Roxy is only just now breaking through in the States. Why? Well, their music gets blunter with each album, also more intriguingly mechanistic, and that may be part of it. And the group has not until now either taken part in or been treated to a large-scale publicity campaign. They haven't toured here much, either. But what's the real reason, at least from Ferry's standpoint? Lounging around his hotel room in white socks, immaculately pressed jeans, cowboy shirt and brand-new penny loafers, failing amiably in his attempts to either pass for or parody a native, he just laughs. "You don't want me to be rude to the American public, now do you? Noooooooo! I refuse to give you copy as good as that, wouldn't dream of it."

*****Full of Fire,** *Al Green* (Hi). He certainly is. And of fine new material, too—the best songs here pioneer a little new territory, though there are bits of familiar filler as well. But almost every cut culminates in a vocal flourish worth wating for, and some of the more melodic numbers—like "Soon As I Get Home," which features wonderful harmony vocals—are among the best things he's done. A little more adventuresome than he has been of late, too.

*****This Is Reggae Music, Vol. 2**

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WARING ABBOTT

(Island). An eccentric but very worthwhile sampler of obscure groups, some relatively polished (Arthur Louis' version of "Knockin' On Heaven's Door" is barely reggae at all) and others sounding like rough takes (Scotty Bennett sounds ready to abandon Lorna Bennett and bounce his musicians out of the studio in the middle of a song). The latter duo's "Skank in Bed" is worth having for the title alone.

•Song of Joy, *Captain and Tennille* (A & M). They've made one good single, they obviously love their dogs (who are once again featured on the album cover) and they just won a Grammy, but beware—they aren't too far removed from Steve and Eydie after all. Slick, sluggish and *very* Las Vegas throughout.

Books

The find-out kick

By Geoffrey Wolff

An Unfinished Woman *by Lillian Hellman.* Little, Brown (280 pp., $7.50) and Bantam (244 pp., $1.50).
Pentimento *by Lillian Hellman.* Little, Brown (297 pp., $8.95) and Signet (245 pp., $1.95).
Scoundrel Time *by Lillian Hellman.* Introduction by Garry Wills. Little, Brown (155 pp., $7.95).

Like the primitive sculpture of the Easter Islanders, Lillian Hellman's face announces itself. Its features are bold and massively conceived, deeplined and craggy, and it might be looking down from Mount Rushmore were not such a sober-sided prominence absurd. Her foghorn voice would disturb the peace of Mount Rushmore's institutional personages, and if Miss Hellman's admirers have come to regard her as an institution, she has not. Her nose is huge, as undeniable as an act of nature. Once when she was young, and in the grip of one of the rages that she has indulged from time to time throughout her life, she threw herself from a tree and broke her nose; after it had set "it looked different but not different enough."

This happened in New Orleans, where she was born and spent half of each childhood year, living the other half in New York, sometimes with plenty of money around, sometimes with little. She grew up divided, "a blend of sassy kid and Southern lady," as Garry Wills describes her. So are we all divided, a bit of this, a bit of that. The containment of our confusions is what we call sanity. The resolution of confusions, the painstaking removal of the stew's ingredients and the remaking of a better stew, is what we call art. Miss Hellman, as all the handy-dandy cultural guidebooks will certify, is America's foremost lady playwright. From the production in 1934 of *The Children's Hour* till the publication four years ago of her collected plays and adaptations—thirteen works—her impression of the theater has been widely, if not deeply, felt. Her position in her plays has been flawlessly if programmatically humane, and her craftsmanship is legendary: her locks make a snug and accurate fit around the keys she knows will be brought to them by her audiences. Yet in the first of her three books of memories and reconstructions, *An Unfinished Woman* (1969), she admits to an uneasiness with her career:

RICHARD AVEDON

"I have had great benefits from the theatre, liked and enjoyed many people in it, count a few of them as my close friends, had pleasure in success and excitement even in failure, but I have wandered through it as if I were a kind of stranger." We make too much of such divisions, such ambivalence. They are commonplace, but what is not commonplace is the mastery of contrarieties by such a relentless application to them of decency and intelligence as Miss Hellman contrives.

Taken together or apart, but taken better together, these three autobiographical works make connections and light dark places with a grace and to a degree that Miss Hellman's plays never managed. A work of recollection suggests a junkman's labor, the retrieval of scattered odds and ends of a celebrated life in order to put this anecdote up at auction or peddle that betrayed confidence to a private bidder. Closer to the spirit of these books than *recollection* is *recreation*, but it is not exact. Miss Hellman's own word is, characteristically, exact, *pentimento:*

"Old paint on canvas, as it ages, sometimes becomes transparent. When that happens it is possible, in some pictures, to see the original lines: a tree will show through a woman's dress, a child makes way for a dog, a large boat is no longer on an open sea. That is called pentimento because the painter 'repented,' changed his mind. Perhaps it would be as well to say that the old conception, replaced by a later choice, is a way of seeing and then seeing again."

Thus do divisions, confusions and repentances reveal themselves layered across a framed and symmetrical plane. Miss Hellman's revelations are beautiful to behold, as figures beneath the figures on top are raised to view under a fall of warm light, precisely in focus. *Pentimento* is such a happy word because it describes a restitution and enactment, not the mere repentance of a fuzzed botch, but its perfected adjustment. Put in moral terms, the proper execution of these books is a demonstration of Miss Hellman's good character; put in sentimental terms, they make a happy ending to as much of Miss Hellman's story as she is ready to tell.

The general progression from *An Unfinished Woman* to *Pentimento* to *Scoundrel Time* (1976) is from the crowd scene to the enlarged detail. The first book moves across the whole field of Miss Hellman's life, her work as an editor at Liveright during the twenties in New York, her friendships in Paris at the end of that decade with the predictables (Hemingway, the Murphys . . .), her experiences in Spain during the

Civil War and in Moscow and at the Russian Front during World War II. Running through the story are two constants: her love affair with Dashiell Hammett from their first meeting in Hollywood in 1930 (she was twenty-four) till his death under her care in 1961, and her confrontation in 1952 with the House Committee on Un-American Activities. (It is probably not just to describe these preoccupations as "running through" *An Unfinished Woman*, as though they make a spine that holds the book together. Rather, they are its nourishment and provocation, the goal of love and the goad of anger.)

The portraits in *Pentimento* are of people who mattered to Miss Hellman and are dead, all but one of them, and they are raised from the dead by her memory of them. Some, like Hammett and Dorothy Parker, are central to the telling of *An Unfinished Woman*, some are intersected tangentially by the earlier book and some are untouched by it. *Scoundrel Time* subjects to tight focus the foul season of 1950-53, a season of repudiations and disloyalties that left Miss Hellman forever disenchanted with intellectuals. The three books speak naturally one to another, and are best read in the order of their composition, but none depends upon another: each is a whole thing, shaped with care, finished.

Miss Hellman doesn't tell why she and Hammett never married. Both had been married once, and were divorced when they met. She doesn't dwell on her early marriage, or much on the theater. It is not so much that she seems to find these matters painful to examine, but that they don't seem much to interest her, and she trusts what interests her, as she should. Hammett was by Miss Hellman's account of him, and by all the supporting testimony, a difficult man, frequently sullen, a savage boozer till he quit in 1948, exacting and selfish. But he shared with Miss Hellman tenacity and loyalty, discipline (hers was more durable than his) and curiosity: his description of her as on the "find-out-kick" suits him as well. They lived their life together by tempests, leaving each other, taking up other lovers, finding their way back to each other again, scrapping, making up.

Hammett was probably a communist; Miss Hellman doesn't know because she never asked him, because he wouldn't have told her anyway. In 1951, he refused to answer a question asked by one of the HUAC goons about a bail fund for communists, of which he was a trustee. He was jailed for five months, and his royalties from *The Maltese Falcon*, *The Thin Man*, the Continental Op series (whose tough style salted Miss Hellman's own, providing it with a range as pleasing as it is surprising) and his many other works were seized by the IRS. He and Miss Hellman supported each other according to their needs and abilities, without reference to fair shares, or any other measure of love and justice as calculated by the double-entry method of accounts, and so it fell naturally to her to finance his legal tangles and appeals.

She was then herself called to testify, and by taking her stand against the terrors of the hour she prevailed against them, a story told in full in *Scoundrel Time*. She wrote a letter to HUAC in the spring of 1952; it was not evasive: "I am most willing to answer all questions about myself. I have nothing to hide from your Committee and there is nothing in my life of which I am ashamed. . . . I am not willing, now or in the future, to bring bad trouble to people who, in my past association with them, were completely innocent of any talk or action that was disloyal or subversive. . . . To hurt innocent people whom I knew many years ago in order to save myself is, to me, inhuman and indecent and dishonorable. I cannot and will not cut my conscience to fit this year's fashions. . . !"

Neither Miss Hellman nor her attorney (Joseph Rauh) nor her informal legal adviser, Abe Fortas, understood till much later what a brilliant strategy plain decency and courage made against the committee. HUAC was snookered: its members couldn't jail her because Miss Hellman took the Fifth Amendment, not to protect herself, as her letter had made clear, but to protect her friends. Thus, she retained her freedom and her honor, but it cost her her livelihood to retain them. She was blacklisted, and "the time of doing what I liked was over," as she writes in *Pentimento* of the year 1952. Her income fell from $140,000 per year before the blacklist to $50, and $20, and $10, and she was obliged to take a part-time job in a department store.

More consequentially, she sold the farm near Pleasantville, New York, that she shared with Hammett, and that meant more to her than anything: it was for them a kind of Polaris by which they navigated, and her descriptions of it and of the things that grew and ran wild there are at the very top of her high standard of expression. She knew when she sold the farm and its stock and machines that she would never have any of them again: "But whenever I said that to myself I also said that I was lucky ever to have had them at all, and that is what I feel today, these many years later. Loss of money can take away what you like and have been good at, but in my case, I am now certain that without the trouble I would have stayed in one place, one frame too long. I am angry that corrupt and unjust men made me sell the only place that was ever right for me, but that doesn't have much to do with anything anymore, because there have been other places and they do fine."

I enjoyed reading that passage when I found my way to it, sent to it by Miss Hellman's inexorable dignity; I have just now enjoyed typing it, and I wouldn't mind someday to deserve to write such a thing myself, and to mean it. I would close with it, except that it would leave Miss Hellman less complicated than she shows herself to be. Her courage and generosity are more complex than this single passage, however much it might stand as her signature, reveals. Her anger, for example, a quality that obsesses her, is not wholly benign, and her careless generosity with money and her reflexive generosity with friendship carry a penalty of perhaps excessive expectations of people who matter to her. She is not of a forgiving nature, and her treatment in *Scoundrel Time* of Clifford Odets and Elia Kazan, two of many who buckled during the early fifties, is cruel—funny, but cruel. She has earned the privilege, of course: they *were* cowards, and Miss Hellman is not: "If you are willing to take the punishment, you are halfway through the battle." Still . . .

She has lived by a code grounded in courage. She is quick, by her own account, to respond to injustice, and despises cruelty with a force that can itself be cruel. She will not be fiddled with, or place her life in hostage to little people of little care for it. In London she left a dinner party, kicking over her chair, because people asked her offhand questions about the Spanish Civil War, from which she had just come: "I thought, my life, all I felt in Spain, is going out in drip-drops, in nonsense. . . ." Well, she put a stop to that, and now we have these books, a mighty force of life, a rush monitored, hot and cold mixed with exquisite calculation.

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Final Tribute

Arthur Lubow/Balladeer of the Movement

Grant Park in Chicago was surrounded by troops, and inside Phil Ochs was singing the ballads against war and injustice that had made him the troubadour of the Movement. He was addressing not only the demonstrators in their T-shirts and cutoffs; he was also appealing to the rigid membrane of bluecoats containing the multicolored energy-charged nucleus ready to explode. When the music ended, Ochs walked up to the soldiers—who stood impassive with their bayonets—and begged them to desert. He couldn't understand why they refused.

That summer of '68 he ran through the Chicago streets, choking through clouds of tear gas. He was arrested with Jerry Rubin and a pig that the Yippies were running for president. After the Chicago demonstrations, the Humphrey nomination and the Nixon election, he released an album called *Rehearsals for Retirement*. On the album cover is a headstone engraved with the words "Phil Ochs—Born 1940; Died Chicago, Illinois, 1968." "I think in a way that was very prophetic," says his sister, Sonny Tanzman. "There was nothing after Chicago. He went on doing concerts, but it was just the old songs."

The words stopped coming to him. A friend recalls that Ochs was always carrying a guitar, insisting that his buddies listen to his latest song; and then the guitar disappeared. To replace the songwriting Ochs began coordinating rallies, working furiously to organize the Salute to Allende and the end-of-the-war celebration in New York. Last May, when he sang his old song "The War Is Over" to 50,000 people in Central Park, the world had finally caught up with him. His song brought the crowd to its feet, cheering, crying. It was his last great ovation, earned for a song he had written nine years earlier, granted by a crowd basking in nostalgia.

"When peace has come, what is somebody going to do when that's his last schtick?" a friend mused. But it wasn't simply that Ochs had run out of causes. The innocent confidence in change that had buoyed the Movement in the sixties and sparked the revival of "urban folk songs" or "topical songs" had fizzled out by 1970. Listening to Ochs' songs now, one realizes that their fervent optimism and confident humor dates them even more than their themes of labor organizing, draft resistance and civil rights struggles.

Born in El Paso, Texas, the son of an Army doctor, Phil moved with his family from town to town. "We didn't know what politics was in my family—some kind of disease, maybe," says his sister Sonny. Phil attended military academy in Virginia and then enrolled at Ohio State University, majoring in journalism. A guitar-playing roommate awakened him to both music and radical politics. In the middle of his last year, Phil wrote a pro-Castro article about the Bay of Pigs invasion. The story prevented him from becoming editor of the campus newspaper, and he dropped out of college in disgust. He became a musical journalist, performing first in Cleveland and then moving to Greenwich Village, where a talent scout spotted him in Gerde's Folk City.

PHOTOGRAPH BY RUSSELL ELIOT REIF

His first solo album was titled *All the News That's Fit To Sing.*

A gaggle of singers started out at Folk City, among them Bob Dylan, whose mountainous success cast a long shadow on his colleagues. By 1964 Dylan had already renounced the protest song, while Ochs, in Jerry Rubin's words, continued for the rest of the decade "to put his guitar at the service of the Movement." Sardonic political songs such as "Love Me, I'm a Liberal" and "Draft Dodger Rag," and rousing protest songs like "I Ain't Marchin' Anymore," established his reputation. But Ochs was also a talented and sensitive melodist, whose abilities transcended the pamphleteer's and whose ambitions encompassed art as well as politics.

Yet he was unable to make a Dylan-style transition of genres: his one attempt at Carnegie Hall six years ago ended ignominiously. Dressed in a gold lamé Elvis Presley suit, singing old Buddy Holly numbers, Ochs thought he could develop a form that would survive the death of the Movement. "The revolution was getting too ugly," says his brother Michael. "For something to work you needed the beauty of an Elvis Presley with the intelligence and strength of a Che Guevara." But the crowd wanted their monument in worn boots and pea jacket. Demanding to hear the old songs, they booed and jeered.

Phil couldn't come up with new songs and he couldn't bear to keep singing old ones. For a few years he traveled, to Europe, to Australia, to Japan. On a trip to Chile he sang to copper miners as folk singer Victor Jara—murdered after the coup—translated. Living adventurously was a substitute for working creatively. But a last trip to Africa ended in disaster. Choked from behind by a mugger, he was convinced that his vocal cords had been damaged. He also complained about stomach troubles that doctors couldn't remedy. Returning home despondent, he skidded back and forth from Los Angeles to New York.

"It was more than not being able to write—he wanted to change everything at once fast, and make it better," says one friend. "The things he thought were important he didn't have an impact on anymore." He began work on an autobiographical album—"sort of his *Blood on the Tracks*," says a friend who heard and liked fragments—but he gave it up, complaining it was inferior to his previous work. He planned to organize a rally to save New York—"he wanted somehow to save New York too, as well as Chile and Vietnam," says friend Mayer Vishner—but his energy waned. A scheme to found a Soho bar that would serve as a hangout for revolutionaries never got off the ground.

Crashing in friends' apartments, he swept through New York last summer on a manic streak, drinking heavily, getting into fights. Frightened by his behavior, he finally stopped drinking and withdrew, lost within himself. Last January he knocked at his sister's door in Far Rockaway, Queens, and asked if he could stay a few nights. He stayed three months. On Friday morning, April 9, after spending the previous day with his mother, he hanged himself. ●

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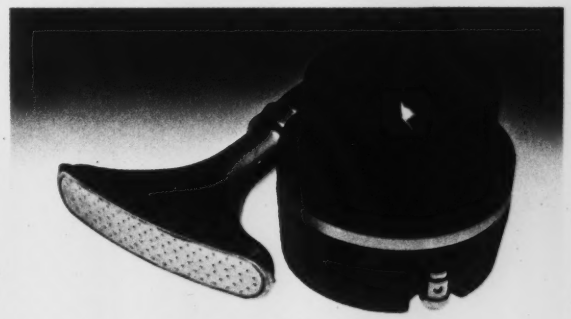

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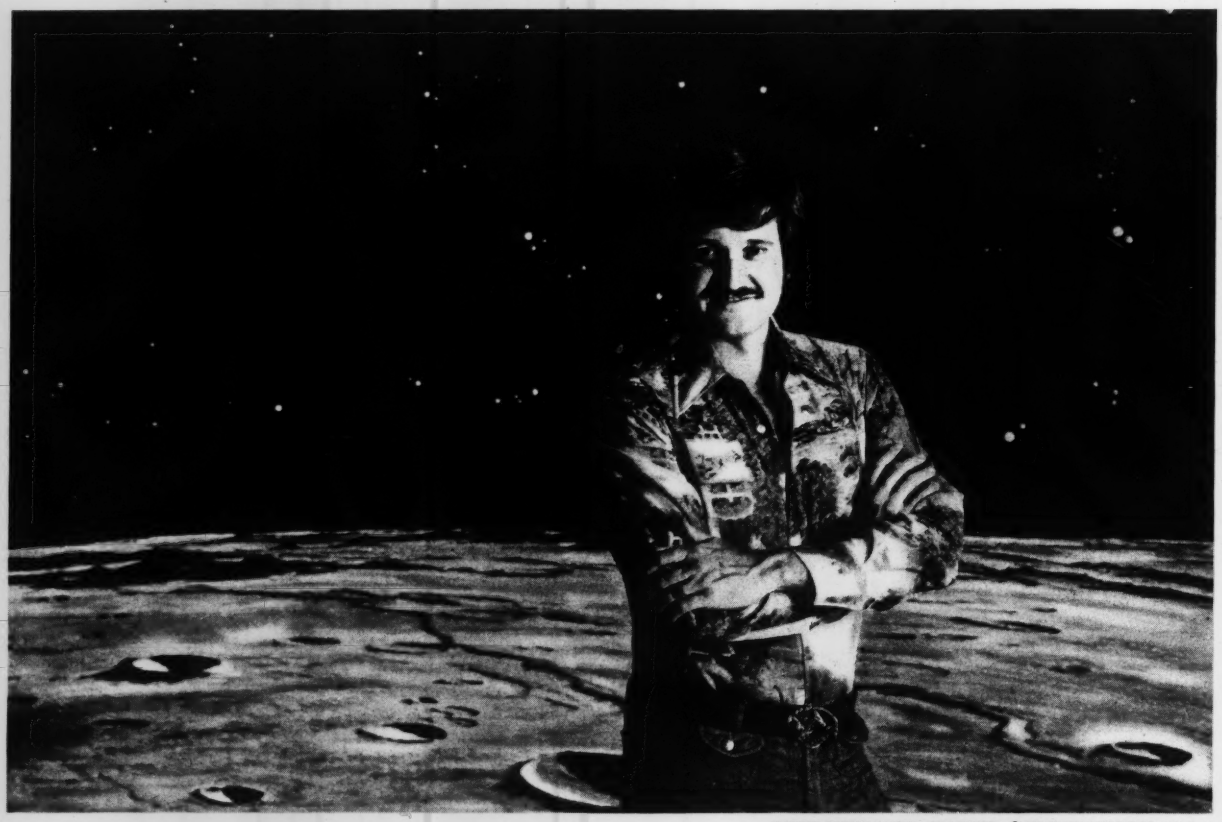

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BILL KAUFMANN

HOME: Glendale, California

AGE: 33

PROFESSION: Astrophysicist

HOBBIES: Tennis, skiing, classical music.

MOST MEMORABLE BOOK: "Gravitation" by Misner, Thorne and Wheeler

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Wrote "The Cosmic Frontiers of General Relativity" and is currently working on a screenplay about the discovery of a black hole in outer space and man's attempt to harness its energy.

QUOTE: "The expanding horizons of man's knowledge of the universe have dramatically shaped the course of western civilization. I strongly feel that the scientist has a profound moral obligation to communicate advances in science to the general public."

PROFILE: Concerned. Deeply involved with astrophysics as a vehicle for advancing the social sciences.

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